

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE WHISPER OF SPRING.

There are footsteps in the darkness
 In the coldest time of year;
 There are flutings in the silence
 Mortal ears may seldom hear;
 There are whisp'rings in the bracken
 Lying still so brown and sere!

There are little winds that wander,
 When the moon, majestic, cold,
 Like an argent ship goes sailing
 Over frozen field and wold;
 And they listen for the flutings
 Heard a myriad times of old!

Then a bird amongst the branches,
 Close within the ledge asleep,
 Wakes and hears those low-voiced
 flutings;
 Hears the little winds that creep
 Thro' the dead and withered bracken,
 To the under leaves that peep.

And she thrills to all the signals,
 Dreams of song, and nesting-time—
 Like the poet, whispers tidings
 Of the green of elm and lime—
 Fain to sing for love of singing,
 As he frees his soul in rhyme!

Frances Tyrrell-Gill.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

I

As I was lifting over Down
 A winter's night to Petworth Town,
 I came upon a company
 Of Travellers who would talk with me.

II

The riding moon was small and bright,
 They cast no shadows in her light:
 There was no man for miles a-near.
 I could not walk with them for fear.

III

A star in heaven by Gumber glowed,
 An ox across the darkness lowed,
 Whereat a burning light there stood
 Right in the heart of Gumber Wood.

IV

Across the rime their marching rang,
 And in a little while they sang;
 They sang a song I used to know,
Gloria in Excelsis Domino.

V

The frozen way those people trod
 It led towards the Mother of God:
 Perhaps if I had travelled with them
 I might have come to Bethlehem.

H. Belloc.

The British Review.

THE SMALL DREAMS.

When I was a young girl I dreamed
 great dreams
 Of giant castles fashioned on a hill of
 gold;
 The gold is but a gorse-bush, and haply
 it seems
 My castle's but a cottage, now that I
 am old.

Now that I am old, I dream small
 dreams
 Of tiny feet that falter, and tiny songs
 unsung,
 Though I heard the trumpet blare and
 saw red gleams
 From the flying feet of Cherubim,
 when I was young.

When I was a young girl I dreamed
 long dreams,
 Of ever flowing rivers and earth and
 sky unrolled;
 My sky's a window square, the rivers
 are but streams,
 And the earth is a hedged meadow,
 now that I am old.

Now that I am old, I dream short
 dreams
 Of small warm woods and little paths
 among;
 I who saw stretched shadows and the
 sun's long beams
 On the cedar trees of Lebanon, when
 I was young.

And youth is a memory with its long,
 deep dreams,
 Its venture unadventured, the glory
 still untold;
 But I can keep for ever, unashamed it
 seems,
 The small dear dreams of comfort,
 now that I am old.

Frances Chesterton.

The Westminster Gazette.

OUR PRESENT DISCONTENTS.

"History," we are told, "has often been the record of statesmen's illusions," and to one into whose mind thirty years' memories of East London have been burnt, it seems as if this generation concerning itself about foreign aggression and the grouping of European Powers were walking in the vain shadow of such an illusion. It is spending millions annually on armaments against a possible enemy, and grudges a comparatively small sum against the evils which are even now eating into the strength of the nation.

Strikes and rumors of strikes are shaking the foundations of the wealth by which our Dreadnoughts are built and our great Empire secured—political apathy and indifference to the commonwealth mock fervid appeals for patriotic self-sacrifice—railing accusations are hurled by the rich that workmen loaf and drink, and by the tyranny of trades unions ruin trade; and the equally railing accusations are urged by workmen that the rich in their luxury are content to plunder the poor and live in callous indifference to the wrongs they see; and to crown all the other evidences of discontent, violent speeches and lawless conduct are weakening the old calm confidence in the stability of the social structure which has been built up by the elaborate care of many generations.

An enemy has got a footing in the heart of the Empire, and is causing this disturbance. He has evaded our fleet and our forts, and he has the power to destroy our power. The nation, like a dreamer awakening, is shaking itself as it becomes conscious of another danger than that of foreign fleets and armies. It is beginning to be anxious about its social condition and is asking somewhat fitfully, What is to be done? What is the cause of

the present discontent? What are the remedies?

Many causes are suggested. It may be that education, having developed the people's capacities for enjoyment, has increased the area of discontent, and those who used to sit placidly in the shadow now demand a ray of the abundant sunshine. It may be that the frantic pace at which the modern world moves has stimulated the demand for excitement and made men impatient for change; it may be that the popular philosophy of the street and the Press, eclipsing older philosophies of the Church and the chair, impels men and nations to put their own interests before other interests—to retaliate blow for blow, and to become proud of pride. When nations, classes, or individuals seek first to protect themselves, then the other things, greed, panic, suspicion, and strife, are soon added.

All these causes may operate, but they would not, I think, be dangerous, if it were not for the fact of poverty. Ideas, philosophies, and feelings have only stirred mankind when they have been able to appeal to facts, and agitators would now agitate in vain if conditions did not agitate more eloquently. Mean streets and ailing bodies jar upon the more widely spread sense of joy, and the long hours of labor and the small wages stir an anger which becomes ready to upset society in order that the greater numbers might profit in the scramble. Poverty, as far as I can see, is the root cause of the prevailing discontent, the door by which the enemy enters and the fortress from which he sends out suspicion and strife to compass the nation's ruin. Poverty! And our national income is 1,844,000,000*l.*, and the nation's accumulated wealth is the

almost inconceivable sum of 13,762,000,000*l.*

The voice of the times—would that it had a Gladstone for its interpreter—is one that calls everyone, be he patriot or business man, or even a pleasure-lover, to set himself to help in the eviction of poverty. If there be any fighting spirit—any chivalry left, here is the object for its attack; if there be any enlightened selfishness, here is the field for its exercise. Poverty if it be not destroyed will destroy the England of our hopes and our dreams.

The curious thing is that the public mind which speaks through the Press hardly realizes what is meant by poverty. There is much talk on the subject—numberless volumes are issued, and charities are multiplied, but what is in the minds of speakers, writers, and givers is obviously destitution. They think of the ragged, broken creatures kept waiting outside the doors of the shelter, and they have mental pictures of squalid rooms and starving children. Many and many a time visitors have come to Whitechapel expecting to see whole streets occupied by the ragged and the wretched, and they have been almost disappointed to find such misery the exception. There are, indeed, many thousands of people destitute, but they form only a fraction of the poor, and could, as the Poor-law Commissioners have shown, be lifted out of the condition by action at once drastic and humane. Why that action has not even been attempted is one of the many questions which the Local Government Board has to answer. But my present point is that, if all the destitute were removed, the poverty which is at the back of our present discontent would remain.

Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, whose opinion has been supported by subsequent social explorers and by scientific

research, concludes that 3*s.* a week for an adult and 2*s.* 3*d.* for a child is necessary to keep the body in physical repair, the food being chosen simply to get the most nutrition for the least money, without any regard to appetite or pleasure. The rent for a family, even if one room be considered sufficient, can hardly be less than 4*s.* a week in a town, and if household sundries are to include fuel, light, and clothing for a family of five persons, 4*s.* 11*d.*, is a moderate sum. It thus seems as if the smallest income on which it would be possible for an average family to exist is 21*s.* 18*d.* a week.

Mr. Charles Booth, Mr. Rowntree, and other subsequent investigators have shown that 30 per cent. of the town population have an income below or hardly above that sum, and as the wages of agricultural laborers average in England 18*s.* 3*d.* a week, in Scotland 19*s.* 3*d.*, and in Ireland 10*s.* 11*d.*, it is fair to conclude that the estimate of the towns may be applied to the whole kingdom, and that at least 12,000,000 of the 45,000,000 people are living on incomes below the poverty line.

Mr. Chiozza Money in his *Riches and Poverty*, approaching the subject from another side, justifies the conclusion. He shows that a population amounting to 39,000,000 persons is dependent on incomes of less than 160*l.* a year—say 60*s.* a week, and absorbs 935,000,000*l.* of the national income; that 4,100,000 persons depend on incomes between 160*l.* and 200*l.* per annum, and absorb 275,000,000*l.* of the national income; and that the comparatively small number of 1,400,000 dependent on incomes over 700*l.* a year absorb the mighty sum of 634,000,000*l.* In other words, more than one-third of the entire income of the United Kingdom is enjoyed by one-thirtieth of its people.

In the light of these facts it is not incredible that 30 per cent. of the pop-

ulation live in the grip of actual poverty. "The United Kingdom contains," it may be said in truth and shame, "a great multitude of poor people veneered with a thin layer of the comfortable and rich."¹

The broad fact which stands out of these figures is that, when 24s. 8d. is taken as the sum necessary so that an average family may keep body and soul together, 12,000,000 people must give up in despair, and many other millions, depending on wages of 30s. or even 40s. a week, live anxious days. And this despair or anxiety is not on account of life, in all its multitudinous aspects, but as to simple physical efficiency.

Let us [says Mr. Rowntree] clearly understand what physical efficiency means. A family living upon the scale allowed for in this estimate must never spend a penny on railway fare or omnibus. They must never go into the country unless they walk. They must never purchase a halfpenny newspaper or buy a ticket for a popular concert. They must write no letters to absent children, for they cannot afford to pay the postage. They must never contribute anything to their church or chapel or give any help to a neighbor which costs them money. They cannot save nor can they join sick clubs or trade unions, because they cannot pay the necessary subscriptions. The children must have no pocket money for dolls, marbles, and sweets. The father must smoke no tobacco and must drink no beer. The mother must never buy any pretty clothes for herself or for her children. Should a child fall ill, it must be attended by the parish doctor; should it die, it must be buried by the parish. Finally, the wage-earner must never be absent from his work for a single day.

A few parents of heroic mould may have succeeded in bringing up children

¹ These and other figures are put together very lucidly by Mr. Will Reason in a little shilling book, "Poverty," published by Headley Bros., which I commend to all as a good introduction to the subject.

to healthy and useful manhood and womanhood on small wages. Tales of such are repeated in select circles, but these families generally belong to a generation less open to temptation than the present. There are now few, very few, parents who, with an uncertain wage of 30s. a week, never spend a penny for the sake of pleasure, taste, or friendship. The result is that their own or their children's physical health and well-being are sacrificed. The boys are rejected when they offer themselves as soldiers, the infant mortality is high, and the girls unprotected become the victims of vice. The saddest of all experiences of life among the poor is the gradual declension of respectable families into the ranks of the destitute, when loss of work finds them without resources in body or skill.

It is the poverty of the great multitude of the working people and not the destitution of the very poor which is the force of the present discontent. This is not realized even by Mrs. George Kerr, whose book, *The Path of Social Progress*, seems to me one of the best of those lately published on the subject. She speaks of Dr. Chalmers as having advocated a policy "which still holds the field," and is the "only scheme which actually did diminish poverty." But this policy aimed at diminishing a poverty which was practically destitution, and its method was to strengthen the people in habits which would enable them to live independent lives on wages of 20s. a week. Mrs. Kerr herself talks of the importance of a wife averaging her husband's wages, so that if her husband as a painter earns 36s. a week for four months the family expenditure ought to be limited within 18s. a week, and she evidently condemns as waste the purchase of a perambulator or bicycle. The methods she advocates by which character may be raised and strength-

ened are admirable, and the lead given by Dr. Chalmers cannot be too closely followed, but they have reference to destitution and not to the poverty from which working people suffer whose wages reach a more or less uncertain 30s. or 40s. a week.

Destitution, in the crusade against which philanthropists and Poor-law reformers are so well engaged, does not indeed affect the present discontent, except in so far as the presence of the destitute is a warning to the workman of his possible fate. A mechanic is, perhaps, earning 30s. a week, or even more; he, by great frugality on his own part, or by almost miraculous management on his wife's part, just succeeds in keeping his family in health; he sees the destitute in their wretchedness, he hears of many who are herded in their prison-like workhouses, and he feels that if he loses his work, if illness overtakes him or his wife, their fate must be his fate. The destitute may be a burden to the nation, but they are also a danger, in so far as they by their examples rouse a dangerous mood in thousands of workpeople whose wages hardly lift them out of the reach of poverty, and give them no opportunity by saving to make the future secure.

The cure of destitution, necessary though it be on humane and economic grounds, is not the remedy for the present discontent. If all people incapable of earning a living were cared for under the best conditions, if by careful selection according to the straitest sect of the eugenists all the people engaged in work were fit for their work, if by better education and more scientific physical training every child were fully developed, or if by moral and religious impulse all citizens were to become frugal and self-restrained, there would still be the poverty which is the source of danger so long as the share of the national income which

comes to the workers is so small. The greatest need of the greatest number is a larger income.

It is, I think, fair to say that on their present income the majority of our people can neither enjoy themselves rationally or give an intelligent vote as joint governors of the nation. They have not the freedom which takes pride in self-government.

There are, it must be evident, few signs of rational enjoyment in the vastly increased pleasure-seeking of to-day. The people crowd into the country, but only a few people find anything in nature which is theirs. They pass by the memorials of great men and great events, and seldom feel a thrill of national pride. They wander aimlessly, helplessly through museums and picture-galleries, the things they see calling out little response in their minds. They have a limited and often perverted taste for music, and have so little conversation that on holidays they are silent or shout senseless songs. They get a short-lived excitement out of sport, so that for a whole countryside the event of a year is a football match and the chief interest of a Press recording the affairs of the Empire is the betting news. The recreations of the people and their Bank Holiday pleasures, at a time when the universal mind is stirring with a consciousness of new capacity, and the world is calling more loudly than ever that its good things should be enjoyed, give cause for some anxiety. Where there is no rational enjoyment there is likely to be discontent and mischief.

The people cannot enjoy themselves so as to satisfy their nature because of poverty. They began to work before they had time to enjoy learning and before they had become conscious of their capacities and tastes. They have been crushed from their youth upwards by the necessity of earning a livelihood, and have never had the leisure

to look at the beautiful world in which they have been placed. They have from their childhood been caught in the industrial machine, and have been swept away from the things which as men and women they were meant to enjoy. They have been too poor to find their pleasure in hope or in memory, enough for them if they have been able to snatch at the present and passing excitement.

Poverty is the enemy of rational enjoyment, and it also prevents the freedom which has pride in self-government. The people cannot be said to be keen to take a part in the government of their country, they are almost ready to accept a despot if they could secure for themselves more health and comfort. There is evident failure to grasp great principles in politics and a readiness to accept in their stead a popular cry. Parties are judged by their promises, and national interests are often put below private interests; motives which are untrue to human nature are charged against opponents, and the "mob spirit" has an easy victory over individual judgment. The votes of the people may be at any moment fatal to the commonwealth.

Poverty is to a large extent the cause of this weakness in self-government and of the consequent danger to the nation. People whose minds have been crushed under the daily anxiety about the daily bread have little thought for any object but "how to live," and thus they are apt to lose the power of vision. They see money as the only good, and they are disposed to measure beauty, tradition, and work in its terms. The pictures of "the happy homes of England" and the tales of her greatness have for them little meaning. "What are our homes that we should fight for them." "What has England done for us?" The welfare of the nation is nothing alongside that of their own class; their chief

want is security from starvation.

Some conception of the nation as a whole is necessary to kindle interest in self-government, and modern poverty is gradually blotting out the old conception which grew up when people loved the countryside, where the fields laughed and sang with corn and the cottages nestled in gardens, and when they had leisure to enjoy the tales of their fathers' great deeds. Some knowledge is also necessary if those who give votes have to decide on policies which affect international relations, and hold firmly to principles in dark as well as in bright times. But how can the men and women have such knowledge who have been driven by the poverty of their homes to go to work as children, and have had no leisure in which to read history or to dream dreams? Of course they vacillate and of course they fall victims to shallow philosophy.

The people, in a word, because of poverty, are not free. They are "cogs in a great machine which uses human lives as the raw stuff out of which to fashion material wealth." They are by fear of starvation compelled to be instruments of production just as much as if they were under a law of slavery. They do not live for an end in themselves, but for an end for which others desire to use them.

The poverty of the multitude of workpeople, which limits their capacities for enjoyment and for self-government, and is divided only by a very thin partition from the destitution of squalor and starvation, is, I believe, the chief source of our present discontent, and of the bitterness which makes that discontent dangerous. The "cares of this life" equally with "the deceitfulness of riches" are apt to choke that communion with an ideal which is the source of healthy progress.

Schemes of relief and charity do not aim to reach this poverty. What, then,

is to be done? "Give more education, and better education," is the reply of the best reformers. "Let there be smaller classes in the elementary school, so that each child's personality may be developed by the teacher's personality." "Let more attention be given to physical training." "Let compulsory continuous education prevent the appalling wastage which leaves young people to find their interests in the excitement of the street." Yes, a system of more and of better education would send out men and women stronger to labor and more fit both for the enjoyment and business of life. But poverty still stands in the way of such a system of education. The family budget of the mass of the people cannot keep the boy or girl away from work up to the age of fifteen or sixteen, nor can it allow the space and leisure necessary for study, for reading, and for intellectual recreation.

What, then, is to be done? The answer demands the best thought of our best statesmen. There are, doubtless, many things possible, and no one thing will be sufficient. But by some means or other the great national income must be so shared that the thirty-nine millions of poor may have a larger proportion.

We have lately been warned against careless talk about rights. It may, therefore, be inaccurate to say that 39,000,000 out of 45,000,000 citizens have a right to more than half of the eighteen hundred million pounds of income. But it is as inaccurate to say that 6,000,000 citizens have a right to the half of the eighteen hundred million pounds which they now receive. What are called "rights" have been settled by law on principles which seemed to the lawmakers of the time the best for the commonwealth. It is law made by our ancestors by which it is possible to transfer the property of the dead to the living, providing

thereby a foundation on which stands the mighty accumulation of 13,762,000,000*l.* It is, indeed, by such laws that the capitalist who has saved a small sum is able to go on increasing that sum to millions. There is no natural right by which the poor may be said to have a claim on wealth or the rich to possess wealth.

Law which has determined the lines which the present distribution of the national income follows might determine others which would make the poor richer and the rich poorer. Law has lately, by a system of insurance and pensions, given some security for illness, old age, and unemployment; it has in some trades fixed a minimum wage.

This principle might be extended. The consequent better organization of labor and its improved capacity would secure larger wages for efficient workers and probably reduce the cost of production for the benefit of consumers, but doubtless the number of the unemployed would be increased. Their inefficiency would not earn the minimum wage. For these, training or a refuge would have to be provided in farm colonies, industrial schools, or detention colonies, in accordance with the suggestion of the Poor-law Commissioners.

The law might, by taxing the holders of the accumulated wealth of the nation, subsidize education, so that no child by want of food and clothing should be driven from school before the age of fifteen or sixteen. It might, by securing for the poor as well as for the rich an abundant provision of air-space and water for the healthy and adequate care and attention for the sick, reduce the death-rate among the 39,000,000 poor people to the level of that which now obtains among the 6,000,000 richer people. "Health before all things" has long been on the banner of politicians, and though much has

been done much more remains to be done. There is no reason why the death-rate of a poor district should be higher than that of a rich district.

Law, to offer one other example, might do more "to nationalize luxuries." In an article on "Practicable Socialism," which, as the first-fruits of an experience gained by my wife and myself in ten years of Whitechapel life, the Editor of this Review accepted in April, 1883, I suggested that legislation might provide for the people not what they *want* but what they *need*. Much has been done in this direction during the last thirty years; but still there is not the free and sufficient provision of the best music in summer and winter, of the best art, of the best books—there is not even the adequate supply of baths and flower-gardens, which would bring within the reach of the many the enjoyments which are the surest recreations of life.

It is thus possible to give examples of laws which would bring to the poor the use of a larger share of the national income. It is not easy to frame laws which, while they remove the burden and the danger of poverty, may by encouraging energy and self-respect develop industrial resourcefulness. But it ought not to be beyond statesmen's power to devise such measures.

The point, however, which I desire to make clear is that if the poor are to become richer the rich must become poorer. Increase of production followed by an increased national income has under the present laws—as has been shown in the booming trade of recent years—meant that the rich have become richer. The present income is sufficient to assure the greater health and well-being of the whole population, but the rich must submit to receive a smaller proportion.

This proposition rouses much wrath. Its advocates are charged with preaching spoliation and robbery, with set-

ting class against class, and with destroying the basis on which national prosperity is settled. The taxation which compels the rich to reduce their expenditure on holidays and luxuries may seem hard, and the fear lest the tax which this year takes 5 per cent. of their income will be further increased may induce panic among certain classes; but it is harder for the poor to go on suffering for want of the means of life, and there is more reason for panic in the thought that the mass of the people remain indifferent to the national greatness. The tax, it must be remembered, which reduces the expenditure of the rich on things which perish in their using—on out-of-season foods, on aimless locomotion, and the excitements of ostentation—and at the same time makes it possible for the poor to spend more on food and clothing, increases the work of working people. The millions of money, for example, taken from the rich to supply pensions for the poor have enabled the old people to spend money on food and clothing, which has been better for the nation's trade than money spent on luxuries. It is a striking fact that if the people used what is held to be a bare sufficiency of woollen and cotton goods, the demand for these goods would be increased threefold to sixfold. The transference, therefore, of more of the national income from the few rich to the many poor need not alarm patriots.

The tax-collectors' interference with the use of the accumulated wealth now controlled by a comparatively small number of the people is much less dangerous to the national prosperity than the discontent which arises from poverty. A proposition which offers security for the nation at the cost of some sacrifice by a class should, it might be expected, be met to-day by the more powerful members of society as willingly as in old days the nobles

met the call to battle. But the powerful members of modern society hate the doctrine of taxation, and the hatred becomes a sort of instinct which draws them towards any alternative policy which may put off the evil day. If they give, their gifts are generous, frequently very generous, but often unconsciously they have regarded them as a sort of ransom which they threaten they will not pay if taxes are imposed, doing thereby injustice to their generosity. The rich do not realize the meaning of poverty, its wounds to human nature, or its dangers to the nation.

Poverty, I would submit, is at the root of our present discontent, not the poverty which the Poor-law and charity are to relieve, but the poverty

The Nineteenth Century and After.

of the great mass of the workers. Out of this poverty rises the enemy which threatens our peace and our greatness, and this poverty is due not to want of trade or work or wealth, but to the want of thought as to the distribution of our enormous national income. When the meaning of poverty is realized, the courage and the sacrifice which in the past have so often dared loss to avert danger will hardly fail be- cause the loss to be faced is represented by the demand-note of the tax-collector. Gifts cannot avert the danger, repression will increase the danger, and the preachers who believe in the coming of the Kingdom must for the old text, "God loveth a cheerful giver," substitute as its equivalent, "God loveth a cheerful taxpayer."

Samuel A. Barnett.

GREEK DRAMA AND THE DANCE.

Modern performances of Greek tragedy in English, which yearly grow more frequent, are usually successful in leaving an impression of the dramatic force and strength of the play, but they seldom succeed in making the chorus convincing. Some good choruses have been given, especially by the Bedford College for Women, in London, but even these cannot be said quite to have come within the range of lucid and intelligible art, when taken in connection with the rest of the drama. The best chorus that has yet been done was perhaps that in the performance of *Iphigenia in Tauris*, given last spring by Mrs. Granville Barker at the Kingsway Theatre; here there were moments when the real meaning of the art seemed to have returned, but they were only moments. To write anything new on the subject of Greek tragedy as an art is an undertaking of some risk. But this article is rendered possible, and even neces-

sary, by the great growth that has taken place recently in our sense of the possibilities of the art of the dance, and especially of its dramatic significance. It is true that these still remain for the most part only possibilities, in spite of the great things the Russian Ballet has shown us. But we are being educated to expect greater things of the dance in the future. Noverre, "the Shakespeare of the Dance," as Mr. Toye calls him in *The Fortnightly* of December, believed that the dance was pre-eminently suitable for the performance of tragedy, and he himself produced many dramas, including one by Cornelle, in ballet form. He was a great believer in the dance of the ancients, saying that "we are as mere children in comparison with them, and our movements are mechanical and faulty, devoid of significance, movement, and vitality."

It is, of course, well known that Greek drama arose out of choric song

and dance, and that this continued to form part of it in its greatest days. It is not generally seen, however, to what an extent its great qualities may have been dependent on the Greek dance-art and technique. The Greeks did not arrive at their results by mere inspiration. They achieved nothing in the air, but procured their effects with sureness and certainty through a perfect mastery and development of technique. Dancing was, perhaps, the most characteristic and most generally practised of all the Greek arts, and Greek dancing was inseparable from imitation of some kind, from the expression in some form of a dramatic idea. It depicted and portrayed in lively, artistic, arresting manner, feeling, emotion, incident of every kind. I shall endeavor in these few pages to trace the presence of this art of the dance in a number of instances from Greek tragedy, beginning first of all with some of the choruses of Euripides.

In these instances I do not of course claim to be describing the manner in which the choruses in Athens rendered these dances. We know little about the ancient art of orchesis, the rhythmic, pantomimic expression through gesture and motion of character and incident. In later times it developed into one of the most marvellous and sensitive arts that has ever been. Lucian says that the *Oorchesis* of the Athenians was a simpler and less developed art than that which he describes in his remarkable treatise, but it was the same art at an earlier and a different and a more purely Greek stage. It was the art through which the dancer, as Aristotle says, performed his imitations through the medium of rhythmic gesture only; "by the rhythms of his attitudes he may represent men's characters as well as what they do and suffer." This is the same pantomimic art, found also from

earliest days in Italy, which spread so universally over the Græco-Roman world in later times, and had such subtle developments. There was nothing which it could not express. Every emotion and incident of life was rendered rhythmically to the accompaniment of music, with much play of the hands, the whole body mutely conveying the ideas of the dancer. All the stories of mythology were danced in this way. The tragedies were danced; the madness of Ajax, the self-blinding of Oedipus, the sufferings of Prometheus, the murder of Agamemnon, and so on, were all presented as pantomimic dance, not without words, but the chief art lay in the orchesis, the expression of ideas through dancing. The phrases "to dance a part" and "to act a part," are used interchangeably by Lucian in the same sentence. Although this later development of the art is to be distinguished from the tragic orchesis of earlier times, both were essentially mimetic or dramatic. In later times the art was developed and exhibited more as a single separate art in itself, whilst in earlier tragedy it seems to have been essentially subordinate to music and the dramatic conception of the whole play. But it is a complete mistake to imagine that the *Emmeleia*, the tragic mode in dancing, was merely a grave and stately measure trodden to the pipe or lyre. Its name, which also means musical fitness or correctness, probably shows its special and organic relationship to music, as a mode distinct from the comic, pyrrhic, and other mimetic modes. But it must be realized that in tragedy both dancing and music, according to Aristotle, aimed at reproducing "men's characters, emotions, and actions." To moderns least of all should this seem a difficult idea, at a time when there is nothing which music cannot express. The association of music with the dancing of charac-

ter, and with dramatic dance-schemes, is an easy and obvious one, whether for ancient or modern days. I repeat that I do not claim in any way to suggest how these schemes were originally danced, but I do claim that Greek drama is full of instances of the art of orchesis, which are traceable and evident, and that nothing could be more fruitful for the modern advancement of the art of the dance than an attempt to reconstruct some of them.

One of the easiest and most beautiful designs is the return of Electra from the well, when she is met by the maidens who wish her to put away her sorrow, and to join their revels. In Euripides' play *Electra* is wedded to a herdsman, in whose cottage she lives. The scene shows on the one hand the single sorrowing Princess in her poverty and fallen fortunes, returning with her pitcher to the cottage, on the other hand the gaily dressed maidens bent on holiday. The design is a perfect representation of Grief. It shows the endeavor of the maidens to get her to forego her mourning, and her refusal to be comforted. Such a scene, though it contains a sung dialogue, is not meant to be acted, but to be danced, in time to music. This is shown by the metric construction with its strophe and antistrophe, which implies both music and rhythmical motion. It is also shown by the words. These are in the elaborate lyric style, which is wholly foreign to any sort of realistic imitation of action, but which exactly suit an ideal representation of *Electra's* Return from the Well, which portrays the princess at her lowly and self-imposed task, sorrowfully urging herself to its punctual fulfilment.

The dance of Sympathy is, of course, one of the commonest themes in tragedy. In the *Medea* we have the visit of the women of Corinth to Medea, expressed as a musical choric scene.

The dancers are drawn to the spot by the moaning of Medea's voice within the palace. They gather round the aged Nurse, who stands outside the palace, and bid her enter and comfort Medea. Then Medea's voice comes again, calling on death, and the dancers shrink back. They gather again about the doors, and the Nurse enters to try to persuade Medea to come forth. The dancers await her coming, their attitudes expressing listening expectancy, singing that this was the woman who followed her lover across the seas from the ends of the world, only to be betrayed by him. The structure of this little scene, with its dialogue with the Nurse, is so simple that it would be ineffective to act, as it is to describe, but it would be found that the few simultaneous movements and gestures requisite, done harmoniously, so as to produce a unity of occasion and scene, music, movement, and story, would produce an intelligible and beautiful effect.

On the only occasion, however, on which I have seen this chorus performed, no attempt was made to render the dramatic design. The chorus was sung as a kind of lyric rhapsody as the singers circled around the orchestra, with scarcely a trace of mimetic action or dramatic sense.

In the *Ion* the scene represents the shrine at Delphi, and Ion, the priest, stands outside. The dancers enter as women who are beholding the famous shrine for the first time, impressed with wonder and awe at the sight of it. They circle round the buildings, gazing at the sculptures. It is as wonderful, they say, as the sights in Athens. See! there is Heracles, strangling the hydra, says one maiden. And that is his armor-bearer who stands beside him, says another, who has worked this design herself, as she says, on an embroidery. And there is Pegasus, and there the battle of the

Giants, here the Olympic gods, and there Enceladus, and Mimas falling thunderstruck. May we cross the threshold with our lily feet? they inquire of Ion. Is it really true the temple is the centre of the earth? asks another. Why does Euripides invent a scene of this kind, and wrap it up in strophe and antistrophe, difficult metres, and involved lyrics? It is the art of orchesis, the expression of typical feminine character through a rhythmic musical pantomime. In a technique so wholly artificial as that of the dance, any kind of literal dramatic diction is jarring, even when the most characteristic imitation is aimed at. Hence, it comes about that the most involved and complicated lyric diction of a Greek is often more purely dramatic and expressive of real character than the prose of the modern drama. But this fact is constantly missed. The lyrics are supposed to be of a rhapsodical kind, like the word-paintings of modern minor poetry, or at least of Swinburne. This is the literary misinterpretation of tragedy. The character which the chorus are dancing always underlies the lyrics. If the lyrics are a recitation merely of myth, this indicates the religiousness of the character which the chorus are presenting. For, as Aristotle says in the course of a famous passage, it is not only the actor, but the *dancers* as well, who imitate persons who are either better or worse than real life, or resemble it more or less faithfully.

In the opening chorus of the *Hippolytus*, the design of the dance depicts the curiosity of the women of Troezen as to Phaedra's sickness, which is a love sickness, but this secret is not yet known. They come to inquire about her at the palace. Through all the lyrics runs the thread of feminine character, which the dance is to express. The mysterious sickness of the queen had been gossiped of at the

place where the women wash the clothes. What can be its cause? they ask. Is she possessed by some neglected god? Or has she had bad news? Or is her husband faithless? Alas! they say, for the poor feminine temperament, subject to these strange disorders. The metric construction of the lyrics with strophe and antistrophe represents the musical structure of the dance. The lyric language is the diction suitable to so artificial a technique. The thread of realism is the dramatic idea, the imitation of feminine character, the choreographic design.

In the only performance of the *Hippolytus* which I have witnessed, no attempt whatever was made to bring out this dramatic design of the chorus. The dancers evidently thought that their words were lyric rhapsodies, and that the only dramatic idea they need represent was the general tragic one of some vague fate impending over the palace. The horrors of Greek tragedy are, as a matter of fact, greatly exaggerated by our realistic sense of the drama. In the original the occurrence of the crime is usually marked by metric construction and musical accompaniment. The death-cry of Medea's children, for instance, is part of the strophic construction of the choric stasimon, and is an incident in the design of the dance which the chorus perform outside the palace. The dance-movements in this case express, first, a piteous appealing prayer, passing into confusion and terror at the cry of the children, and ending in a calm and marble despair. So the awful apparition of Oedipus with his blinded eyes is performed to music as a set strophic scene between himself and the Elders of the City, the artistic form bringing out the typical side of his fate. In these pages I have purposely chosen some of the lighter choruses of Greek tragedy as being more strikingly modern.

In the *Orestes* we see the dancers at the bedside of the suffering Orestes, and a scene is enacted between them and the sister who watches over her brother. They advance on tiptoe, and fall back again as she motions to them not to waken him. She leaves the couch, and tells them of his condition. He moves in his sleep, and the dancers move softly away. He sleeps again, and the dancers advance. She tells them that he will die, and they mourn together.

In the *Bacchae* the opening dance represents the arrival of the Bacchantes in the city of Thebes. They are summoning the citizens to the festival of the god, singing and dancing and beating their tambourines as they pass through the streets. Beginning with short, two-footed lines in a quaint cadence, almost the same metre as that of the children's Swallow Song, sung from door to door through the streets of Athens at the coming of spring, the song becomes more and more excited as the dancers call on the citizens to join them. It is the true note of festival, of licensed carnival in the city, such as the Greeks, of all people, knew how to celebrate, the note of laughing maidens thoroughly enjoying themselves, clashing the cymbals, blowing the pipes, and crying *Euoi* to the Euan god. The dance is a dramatic picture of festival joy, of revellers passing through the town, bursting with youth, good spirits, and gladness. It is invented in contrast with that last and most terrific of all Euripides' dances, which depicts the mother, holding up the bleeding head of her son, amid the wan and ghastly revellers returned from Cithaeron.

The above are a few characteristic Euripidean dances, invented by him with a dramatic aim. They usually represent some incident, but on the whole the object aimed at is the expression of typical character. The

dance is the only satisfactory means for very broad character drawing. It does not deal in idiosyncrasy, or accidentals, but aims at representing man or woman as types. Many modern European dances are invented simply to represent the essential characteristics of male or female. The expression of masculine type in the Russian Ballet has been a new thing for us, but it is, of course, as old as the hills. The Spartans danced the Necklace, which was the interweaving of the martial and masculine with the yielding and feminine.

In the tragic dances we see most noticeably the expression of the *Ewig Weibliche*. The dancers in their masks represent women in captivity supporting one another, women in terror at the clash of arms, aged women whose sons have fallen in battle, married women whose husbands fought at Troy, virgins dedicated to the service of Apollo, unwilling maidens pursued by unwelcome lovers, bashful maidens visiting the Greek camp at Aulis, ocean nymphs pitying the sufferings of the Titan, and so on. In all the choric scenes where these types are found we can notice the technical correspondence of apparently opposite features in style: (1) the complicated metre, language, and strophic construction which represents the musical basis of the dance; (2) the expression of broad, simple dramatic incident and character. And to this latter feature should be added the local color and atmosphere of some definite nationality, city, or place, which in many instances is expressed in costume. How well these features suit the technique of drama expressed through *ballet d'action* and of no other form of drama, opera, or oratorio! There is also the Dance of Old Men, so characteristic of tragedy. This was also danced by the Spartans, outside tragedy. We gather from the text of

Attic drama that it represented wisdom and gravity, and the triumph of the mind over the body, seen on the one hand in the bent, stiff figures leaning on their sticks, on the other in the nervous force and the combative courage and enthusiasm of the aged.

We must now touch on a point of the highest importance for grasping the real nature of the art-form of Greek tragedy. This is the fact that the actors as well as the chorus practised a form of orchesis, or were, in a sense, dancers as well as actors. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the realistic stage was unknown to the Greeks. They did not foresee it, or dream of it, nor did they even feel after it if haply they might find it. Modern methods of acting, suited to small audiences and elaborate scenery, would have been no help to them, because their own art of orchesis was beginning to open the world of drama to their eyes. A realistic technique of any kind would have been useless to the actor in his great mask, his sleeved and padded robes and high buskins. The one thing he needed to impress the vast throng before whom he performed was *form*, movement, and gesture of a rhythmic structural kind, harmoniously conforming to the development of the dialogue and the requirements of the scene. The statuesque delivery of the speeches would be of no great difficulty. It is when the action becomes rapid or violent that the artificial musical imitation of action was specially brought in to assist him. Euripides' plays are full of such orchestric pantomimic scenes for the actors. Phaedra's love-sickness, for instance, is performed as a musical dance scene between herself and the Nurse. As in the choric dances, so here, we notice the same combination of musical construction and dramatic idea. We gather from the text that Phaedra is borne in on a couch, that she

rises; speaks wild raving words about the mountains and the chase, the woods and the haunts of Artemis, where roams the son of the Amazon; that her passion spends itself, and that she bursts into tears, and throws herself again, weeping helplessly, on the couch, bidding them cover her head for shame. The acting of a Miss Ellen Terry performing Ophelia has here no place at all. It was an ordered orchestric performance done with every variety of plastic gesture to the lyric metre and the passionate sound of the pipe. As such it probably conveyed a more vivid indelible picture to the enormous crowd that witnessed it than any amount of realistic acting could do.

The agony of Hippolytus, to take another instance of many, is danced in the same way. We gather from the text that his physical pain is strongly represented, that he comes in supported by slaves, moaning and crying out, stops for rest, rises and moves painfully forward, and is finally laid on the ground, where he writhes in agony, calling on death. Then he becomes aware of the presence of his goddess, Artemis, who hovers in the air above him; the amorous fragrance of her presence reaches his fevered brow, relief steals over him, and his anguish is soothed. This beautiful scene was performed to music before a vast audience of over 10,000 people. Surely no one believes that Hippolytus writhed as Lear writhes on the modern stage! The expression first of agony, then of heaven-sent relief, is conveyed by clear-cut, unforgettable gesture, requiring music as its aid, through the plastic technique of the orchesis, conveying far more than mere words can convey, and easily transmitting its effects all over the huge amphitheatre.

A last point which should be regarded as a foundation-stone in the understanding of the art-form of Greek drama, is that orchestric action by the

chorus must have accompanied the long speeches and dialogues of the actors. This is difficult to realize until the mind becomes familiarized to the idea. The scene which the actors perform always includes appropriate movement and gesture by the chorus. The realistic idea of drama has so influenced our whole outlook that the great beauty and richness of the dramatic form is not easily felt, but to take a few instances. The scene represents a Declaration of War made by the King of Athens against the Herald of Argos. The chorus are the Athenian citizens. As their King thrusts back the sacrilegious herald, and orders him across the border, the citizens present the same bold and defiant front and resolute advance as the King, conforming their gestures to his, and as the herald retires, burst out into a song of warlike preparation and scorn of the foe. It is easy to see what force is lent to the isolated action of the King by the rhythmic concomitant action of the chorus. It typifies the unity of King and city, and depicts the history of Athens in a manner that the episode alone without the chorus could never accomplish. This is true of the design of all Greek plays. Again, when Phaedra tells the secret of her guilty love, unwillingly, being prevailed upon by the women who surround her, a typical scene is presented of Persuasion and Disclosure. Here the dancers are, first, all sympathy and insinuation, the next moment all consternation and horror when the disclosure they have brought about occurs.

Or, again, when the maiden Io is recounting the sad story of her wanderings, the nymphs all the time depict themselves as listeners, through the imagery of their attitudes conveying the sense of the telling of a wondrous and harrowing tale, bursting out at the conclusion into a song of horror at her fearful fate. These are but bald

sketches of the way in which it may be supposed that the chorus filled out the acting of the episode. The art of orchesis in its very nature expresses what words cannot. Athenaeus quotes a tradition of Telestes, the famous dancer, employed by Æschylus. He says that "in dancing the Seven against Thebes he was such an artist that he made the action live before the eyes of the audience." This should not appear enigmatical or incredible. A rhythmic descriptive ideal imitation of action, blending with the excitement of music and the onward sweep of the story, could affect the imagination more powerfully than our merely literal efforts to reproduce action on the stage. This single unity of music and metre, word, gesture and movement, occasion and scene, carried out in perfect harmony by actors and chorus together, was the Greek method of *performing* a play, and it should be remembered that to a Greek the performance was everything. He scarcely regarded a play as literature.

In a sense, the whole majesty of Greek drama arises out of this relationship between the chorus and the action. There is a deep unity of feeling between the two. The vital sympathy of the chorus in all that happens is one of the problems of Greek drama, but its explanation is that the chorus are dancing the drama. This relationship between the chorus and the person and fortunes of the protagonist exists in all the plays as a relation of pity and fear. These are the themes which the orchesis of the chorus is to express, a double theme of attraction and repulsion. Let us notice how it is danced in a typical instance of this relationship—that between Prometheus and the Ocean Nymphs. At the outset, before the chorus have appeared, Prometheus is chained to the Rock by Force and Violence, in a short preliminary spoken scene. His

sufferings are then depicted by orchestral gesture on his part, accompanied by music in a lyric monody. Before this is ended the nymphs enter. Prometheus in his pain becomes aware of the fragrance of their presence, and hears the beat of their wings; but they hold aloof, out of his sight, afraid to approach nearer. The clang of Hephaestus' hammer riveting his chains, they sing, had reached them in their ocean caverns, and pity had drawn them up from the depths to visit him. The Titan tells them of his fate, and they shed tears for him. He speaks defiantly of Zeus, and they gently rebuke him. But shyness and awe at his divine punishment still keep them hovering at a distance. He launches out into a defence of himself, and describes giant quarrels in heaven, and what has passed behind the scenes in Olympus, together with the act of divine injustice against himself. Then Curiosity accomplishes what pity had begun. The shyness of the nymphs departs; they come sweeping round the Rock, and gather like a flock of birds about his feet. As they execute this lovely dance movement to music, the god Oceanus glides down from heaven on a winged monster. He follows up the gentle rebuke of his daughters by a rounder and more masculine rebuke to the pride of the Titan, but the one has no more effect than the other. As this dialogue proceeds, the sympathy of the nymphs becomes more and more evident, even as the pride of the Sufferer is more clearly depicted. As their father disappears again into the air, they break into tears for Prometheus. All the world mourns with him, they sing, and all the powers of nature. The ocean and the rivers weep for him, and the most distant tribes of men grieve for his fate. This is a dance of sympathy and mourning, a dance of weeping, intended to work upon the spirit of the Titan. But such

softness cannot move him, he declares. His unbending soul continues to rail against the injustice of heaven. He then unfolds to their wondering attention the story of his benefits to mankind. But it is not love for mankind, but love for Prometheus that the pictorial listening gestures of the nymphs portray. They bid him hope and believe that he will some day reign as a god equal to Zeus. Their hopes are spoken in ignorance, which the Titan shatters by his own profounder knowledge of the Fates. Then the nymphs make another appeal to his spirit through a dance which indicates mutual struggle and antagonism, resolving itself into concord and peace. It begins as an agitated prayer of which the terrific clash and combat of will between Zeus and Prometheus is the subject, a struggle from which they pray that they may themselves be saved, and this prayer merges itself into a personal appeal to him as they sing of the marriage of the nymphs and the giants, their link with him of harmony and love. So the dance-drama proceeds through its various episodes until the final scene is reached, when the thunder of Zeus is heard, the rock appears to reel and quake, the nymphs cling in terror to Prometheus, who raises his brow to heaven in one supreme gaze of Defiance.

The essence of this art-form, which is so totally unfamiliar to us, may thus be said to lie in the relationship between protagonist and chorus. Broadly speaking, the relationship is one of pity and fear, which the orchesis of the chorus exhibits through the language of gesture and pictured movement. In this way the chorus also interprets the feelings of the audience as the play proceeds and brings them, too, into the drama, forming one unity of the whole theatre. But the simple relationships common to the whole audience are also art-themes

which are developed and worked out in subtle and beautiful dramatic forms of great variety. We have the relationship of Antigone and the Elders of the City, which she defied, the single solitary maiden mourning for her fallen brother, and the religious Elders fresh from the city's victory. There is the relation between Medea and the Women of Corinth, in which Medea's personal wrong becomes between them a theme of women's wrongs in general, through the common womanhood that unites them. There is the relation between the persecuted Asiatic Queen, Andromache, and the Hellenic women who pitied her, between the sin-laden house of Oedipus and the holy maidens from the East (Phoenissae), between Oedipus himself and the Elders of the city he saved and lost, between the fallen house of Xerxes and the council of Persian Elders, between the despairing Princess or Queen in many stories and the women who mourned with her and offered her consolation, she refusing to be comforted. All these themes are fertile in dance resource. We need not ask what form the mute dancing of the chorus took as the actors spoke, for the whole theme of the drama supplies a most abundant material for expression. Each successive episode is a variation in the main themes of sympathy and fear, as between dancers and the person of the actor, and the dance accompaniment of the one is as necessary to the artistic wholeness of the episode as is the dialogue and action of the other. There is also frequently a second relationship between the chorus and some invisible presence, symbolized by the shrine of a God or the tomb of a King, before which they dance. The *Choephore* was produced recently by myself and one or two others in Manchester University, the first occasion of its performance in England in Greek. The play is notori-

ous for its long and difficult choruses, and its so-called "lack of action"; but in the performance it was found to be quite free from these defects, and to be both lucid and thrilling. It was the relationship of the chorus to the invisible spirit of Agamemnon which specially made itself felt and brought a spirit of art into the performance. It is through relationships of this kind that the real feeling of Greek tragedy comes out, and the perfect wholeness of the compositions as works of art appears. The relationship particularly brings out the religious feeling; it expresses antique piety, sorrow for sin, pity for suffering, humility, resignation, and so on. To give an instance of how this may be effected through the orchesis of the chorus.

The scene represents an aged man taking sanctuary with some children at an altar. There enters a Herald of a blatant political type, who throws the old man to the ground and attempts violently to drag away the children. At this point the music and dance begins, and the Prologue is over. The dancers enter, representing the citizens of primitive Athens. They are dressed in the national costume. The dance enacts the lifting of the old man to his feet, the giving to him and the children their due meed of recognition and pity, the preserving of an attitude of calm dignity towards the sacrilegious Herald. The whole scene presents forcibly to the eyes, as only the musical dramatic dance could do, a picture of antique piety and of religious reverence and forbearance. Euripides especially was a supreme master of these effects. His episodes sometimes represent the wickedness of the modern Hellas of his day, whilst the dancers accompany it with prayer, sorrow, and mourning. He cast the death throes of the great house of Oedipus, the sin-driven curse of political war and fratricide, representing his

modern Hellas, against the primitive plety of the sacred maidens from Phœnicia, whose imaginative costume, holy appearance, and religious action accompany all the episodes of ruin with a mystic healing touch.

We must learn to regard the form of Greek drama as dance form. The actor in his high buskins, with his padded and sleeved robes and his towering mask, represents the static and dynamic elements of the dance. His great voice, as it goes forth over the theatre, builds an ever-changing chore-graphic design, striking the dancers into manifold living images of sorrow and doubt, of joy and hope, of pity and fear. The song of the dancers breaking out at intervals in subdued or passionate strain neither breaks nor interrupts, but carries on and supports the whole performance as a musical symphonic dance-vision, through which the history of Greece and the soul of man are portrayed. The apparition of a god floating in air at the conclusion of so imaginative a scheme is quite as it should be, and by no means primitive. The "unities" of the Greek drama are the unities of action imitated through the dance, demanding as the theme for imitation one continuous action of a certain limited magnitude, which rises to a crisis and subsides again on a slower recessional theme.

The old poets, we read, were called "dancers" because they not only, like
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Sophocles, danced themselves in their own creations, but arranged and controlled the designs. Æschylus' great contemporary dramatist, Phrynichus, said of himself in a couplet preserved by Plutarch, "The art of the dance supplied me with as many forms as there are waves on the sea in a stormy night of winter." Æschylus himself is said to have greatly developed the technique of the dance. How abundantly clear it is that the genius of these great men was inseparably bound up with the art of the dance!

Tragedy was own sister to the satyric drama, bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh. It was the art of musical dance pantomime, beloved of the rustic population of Attica. It was raised in Athens, as it was bound to be raised in her great days, to the most sublime heights of art. It must be studied from this standpoint, and this study should greatly assist in modern and future developments of the Art of the Dance.

Then we may see the day, perhaps, looked forward to in Mr. Crawford Flitch's book on *Modern Dancing*, when, as he says, "it will be the turn of the other arts to look wonderingly upon this figure of the dance, no longer straying timidly into their company, but coming upon divine feet, with an assured mien and matured grace, and each will borrow something from her ancient and untiring ecstasy."

G. Warre Cornish.

HONESTY.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

PART II. CHAPTER IX.

Zachary came up the hill again, still at a white heat of anger. Leading the horse through the gate he placed it between the shafts of the van. Then, unlocking the door without,

however, opening it, he returned to the animal, harnessed it, and prepared to leave the field. When all was ready he gave the whistle which was the accustomed signal for a start—a very necessary precaution, since, if Honesty chanced to be standing, the sudden

turning of the van might have caused her to fall.

She made no answering call now, and Zachary, too, was silent as the vehicle went creaking out of the field.

Hour after hour they journeyed on, now along the dusty high-road, now following short cuts known to Zachary through green lanes. Beside the plodding man and the plodding horse strode a spectre figure—the monster which had been enchained for so long but which had now broken loose. Louder than the resounding foot-falls of horse and man in those solitary ways was the echo of the taunt which in the agony of Zachary's mind he had flung at his wife: "You were a fallen woman in your heart!" The irreparable had happened—words had burst from his lips that could never be forgotten, either by him or by her.

At two o'clock he halted, unhooking Prince's nosebag from beneath the van, and duly adjusting it. Then he went round to the door and turned the handle, but the bolt within had been pushed.

"Is dinner ready?" he asked.

Even though a poor man's heart be breaking, his day naturally divides itself into its accustomed stages, and he looks for food at dinner time, as he will leave at the usual working-hour the home where perchance his best-beloved lies dead.

There was no answer from within, and his fingers fell from the handle.

There was still some bread and cheese in his pocket, remaining over from the meal which he had scarcely partaken of in the morning, and, returning to the horse's side, he ate standing, almost relieved by the consciousness that he was not yet called upon to meet his wife face to face. How were they to get through their days together, how were they to con-

tinue living, eating, sleeping—with *this* for ever between them?

He dared not dwell upon the thought, and for a time endeavored to distract his mind. Prince was very warm: he must rest at least an hour. The flies were troubling him, poor beast. Breaking off a small branch he fanned them away from himself and the animal; then pulling up some of the long wayside grass, fastened a bunch of it on either side of Prince's head.

"We've a long ways to go yet," he said, half aloud, and then was crushed afresh by the sense of his misfortune.

Yes, they must travel a long way, as far as possible from that horrible field where the black figure of his enemy had blotted out the sunshine; but, journey as he might, he knew misery would be his companion—shame would never be left behind.

Climbing up on the driver's seat he waited now in a kind of despairing apathy till it was time to set forth anew, and then, descending, went forward, leading the horse as usual, until for sheer weariness he was obliged to ascend to his perch once more. Up hill and down hill, along straight stretches of road, or curving round shady by-ways until dusk came, and all at once Prince stumbled in ascending a steep pitch in an unfrequented lane. The animal recovered itself, but Zachary was on his feet in a moment.

"I'm driving ye too hard, poor wold fellow," he said. "Us'll be havin' a accident if I don't look out. We must bide for the night at the next likely place."

The stony path led to a stretch of downland, bordered by a wood of firs and birches. Arrived in the shelter of this, Zachary drew up, unharnessed his faithful beast, rubbed it down, fed it, and picketed it for the night. Then coming round the van, tried once more

to enter. But the bolt had not been withdrawn, and the door remained fast shut.

"Let me in," he called out, "let me in, Honesty, I say. There's no use sulkin' wi' each other. You an' me has got to go through wi' it."

No answer came; indeed there seemed to be no sound of moving about within. For the first time since the morning a wave of compassion for his wife swept over him. She was ashamed to meet him, sitting perhaps even now as he had left her, with the stricken look upon her face. Conjuring up the memory of that look, he himself felt ashamed of the part he had played that day.

"I was too hard," he groaned to himself. "I shouldn't have insulted her. Honesty," he said, in a gentler tone, "open the door! You an' me must get on as well as we can. We be man an' wife, an' must make the best o' things. I'll not"—he faltered for a moment—"I'll not say nothin' more to hurt ye."

But Honesty neither moved nor answered. Had he not taken such cruel precautions to ensure her safe-keeping during his absence he might have fancied that she was not there. "She can't get over it," he said to himself. "I'll leave her alone for to-night."

A couple of horse-rugs were rolled up underneath the driver's seat, and throwing one of these over Prince, and taking possession of the other himself, he went a few paces into the wood, and lay down in the shelter of a large pine on a heap of its soft needles. There sleep came to him, born of extreme bodily and mental weariness. For a time he had no dreams; but towards dawn, when a change comes over all nature and even inanimate things seem to stir and sigh, his slumbering fancy tricked him. It seemed to him that Honesty and he were sitting side by side on a sunny bank, and that she

turned and leaned against his breast as she had been wont to do of old with the gay confidence of the child, added to the clinging tenderness of the wife; but even as he clasped her she grew rigid in his embrace; her eyes closed, and pressing his lips to hers he found them cold.

He started up, beads of anguish standing on his brow to mingle with those "drops of the night," the April dews with which his hair was wet. His arms were stiff and cold—it was no doubt the chilliness of the morning twilight which had given rise to his dream.

The watching misery which sprang upon him at the first opening of his eyes was transpierced with a sharper dread. If it should be true—if Honesty should be dead—if he should have killed her?

Quickly rising he ran as fast as his cramped limbs could carry him to the van, hammering upon the panels of the door, and beseeching Honesty to have pity on him and let him in, but the rain of blows only sent reverberating echoes through the wood, provoking no response, except the shriek of startled birds and the flapping of their wings. Then Zachary, thrusting his broad shoulder against the door, burst it open, and entered, moving cautiously and holding his breath, for the awful fear was upon him that he might stumble against her dead body.

The light was still too dim to admit of his seeing anything except where a faint, oblong patch of grey marked the windows on either side, while the square at the further end indicated the pane behind the driver's seat. He stretched out his hand gropingly. There was the table; his fingers splashed into a cup half full of liquid: Robert Short's cup, left standing where it had stood in the morning. Withdrawing his fingers with a mixture of disgust and ever-increasing fear—for this con-

dition of things denoted what must have been the state of Honesty's mind—they encountered another object, small, and round, and hard. Her watch! As he touched it, something slipped from beside it, and went circling round and round, with a sound which could not be mistaken, a sound such as could only be produced by a coin or a ring.

Ah! here were the matches at last. He lit one and peered round; the van was empty and there, still spinning at his feet, was Honesty's wedding-ring.

Dropping into his own familiar chair, too stunned at first to form any collected idea as to the manner of her escape, he sat staring stupidly before him while the day brightened, and the keen, brisk morning breeze set the branches overhead swaying and dancing. With each fresh gust a rattling sound close at hand made itself heard, and by-and-bye it was borne in upon him that this proceeded from one of the windows in the side of the van, and arising to examine it more closely, he found that the catch was unfastened. He had not thought of the windows when locking Honesty up on the preceding day; had he, indeed, remembered them, he could not have believed it possible that she could have escaped through so narrow an opening—yet in some way or other she had contrived to squeeze her slender body through. She was very little, very slight, he ruminated to himself: when she had got through she could have dropped lightly to the ground. All at once he felt a sudden passion of tenderness in recalling that frail figure—so slender, so childish, so unfit to face the world! *Where was she now?*

Something seemed to crack in his brain. Where was she?

They were severed by a whole day's journey—by the long hours of the night. What had become of her? His harshness and cruelty had driven her

forth—to what fate? But now he had dreamed that she lay dead in his arms—his dream might be true. She might be lying dead by the wayside; she might be drifting, a drowned thing, among the reeds of the Stour.

As he thought of these things, his breast heaved with the horrible, rending anguish of the man who cannot weep. His brain reeled, the sweat of torment poured down his ashen face; a cry broke from him, loud, terrible, scaring the dumb creatures of the wood — "Honesty, Honesty, come back!"

All the doubt and sullen misery of the last months, all the wrathful pain of yesterday vanished like a puff of smoke. Now he seemed to realize for the first time what his wife was to him. What could he *not* forgive her. Let him but find her and he would spend his days in making up to her for all that she had recently suffered.

Ah! but how to find her. Once again his heart grew cold within him as a new dread seized upon him. Whither had she drifted, helpless child as she was; into whose hands had she perhaps fallen? And now he stood shaking with fear and despair, until the necessity for immediate action forced him to rouse himself.

He must find her at any cost; no matter where, or how, so that he found her alive.

CHAPTER X.

Zachary's first care was to rid himself for the time being of Prince and the van, which would have been encumbrances in a quest that must be speedy to be efficacious. Having deposited these in safe custody and hired a light gig, he drove back to the neighborhood of yesterday's encounter.

The afternoon shades were now creeping over the field of their encampment; dews were already gathering on

the track of the wheels. Tying up the horse to the gate-post, Zachary patrolled the field itself and the neighboring copse, half hoping to catch a glimpse of Honesty's forlorn little figure behind the tree trunks. He paused for a long while near the clump which had sheltered the van. Had she slept there under the open sky as he had done? Little Honesty who was so timid, who, when they camped in lonely places, had so often called out to make sure of his proximity!

He dismissed the suggestion, however, with impatience at his own folly. It had been broad daylight when she had slipped away, she would naturally have made all possible speed to quit the scene of the disaster and to avoid his own pursuit.

He drove next to the village inn, with the vague idea of ascertaining from some of the loiterers there if by chance Honesty had been seen in the neighborhood, but the mere sight of the group of men standing about the bar altered his purpose. He could not bring himself even to name his wife to these village toppers; he could not bear the thought of arousing their vulgar curiosity, or exposing her conduct and his own to gossiping comment. Declining, with a shake of the head, the offer of the landlord to supply him with any drink he fancied, he turned the gig and drove slowly away, determining within himself to pursue his inquiries cautiously in quarters where they would be least likely to attract general notice. That farm, for instance, the roof of which he had pointed out to Honesty, on selecting the camping place which now held for him such sinister memories—she might possibly have taken refuge there, or some of its inhabitants might have seen her passing.

It seemed to him odd, as he descended the green lane leading to it, and marked the homely bustle about the place, to think that the folk there were going

on with their lives so tranquilly, while his own was wrecked.

The cows were just being driven in to the milking shed, a rough lad encouraging their advance by sundry uncouth sounds and tappings of his stick. Two cart-horses were drinking at the pond in the middle of the yard, a girl at the further end was summoning, with shrill cries, the fowl which were wandering near the ricks, and scattering grain the while from her gathered-up apron; an imprisoned calf, with moist nose resting on the bar which fenced him into his stall, uttered loud, appealing bleats at intervals of perhaps ten seconds.

The farmer's wife, a wizened little woman in a black cap, was standing on the threshold of the dwelling house, as Zachary, driving over the cobble-stones at a foot's pace, made his way towards her.

"We don't want to give no arders for nothin', I've a-got all the crockery I do want i' the house," she remarked in a discouraging tone, as he advanced.

"Ye know me then, do ye, missus?" responded he, with a faint flicker of hope; this unexpected recognition might facilitate his search.

"'Ees, I do know ye; I did buy a set o' basins off ye two years ago when ye was passin' through the village yonder, an' I did get a little milk jug off ye at Shroton."

"Ah! an' so ye did. I remember ye now. I can mind my wife"—(he choked over the word)—"persuading of ye to buy it."

"So she did, an' wouldn't bate a penny, neither."

Zachary, recalling Honesty's pride over the bargain she had driven, found it hard to keep up the assumed lightness of tone with which he had inaugurated the inquiry.

"Did she—did my wife chance to call here yesterday? We was campin' up yonder in the field by the copse."

"That's our field," said the old lady, sourly.

"Is it? Well, us didn't do it no harm, but I'll bear it in mind next time ye do want to buy anythin' off me, an' maybe let ye have a few pence back for luck. She didn't come down here, ye say."

"Who?" rejoined the old woman, rolling up her sleeves a little higher with an impatient glance in the direction of the cows.

"Why, my wife."

"What should she come here for?"

"Well, she mid ha' wanted a drink o' milk or some sich thing."

"No, she didn't then," responded the dame. She finished rolling up her sleeves, and then glanced round at him sharply:—

"It do seem a funny thing for you to come here a-axin' me that, when ye mid just so well ax the young 'ooman herself. But she isn't wi' ye to-day?"

"No," said Zachary, gathering up the reins, and driving away hastily, stung by the astonishment in her face. He did not pause to ask further questions of the gaping underlings; if any of them had seen *Honesty* they would have volunteered the information.

He halted next at the forge, and inquired huskily of the blacksmith if he had seen a young woman pass through the village on the previous day.

"A light-haired young woman," he added unwillingly, "wi' a dark blue dress."

The man stared at him round-eyed, and presently laughed.

"Why, what young 'ooman be you a-lookin' for, Zachary Shart," he said jocosely. "Bain't ye a married man?"

"Ees, I be," returned Zachary; he paused, cleared his throat, and cast a troubled look upon his interlocutor. The man had been an acquaintance of his for many years, and he knew him to be good-natured. "I'll tell ye summat," he resumed slowly. "'Tis my wife I be

talkin' about. I'm in a bit of trouble along o' her. We had words yesterday——"

He broke off. The blacksmith nodded encouragingly.

"'Tis a thing what do happen often enough between husband and wife," he observed, looking discreetly away from Zachary's haggard face.

"I did come down here to fetch away the horse yesterday," pursued Zachary, "an' she must ha' left the van then along o' me bein'—vexed wi' her. I didn't speak nor yet look inside the van, I jist hitched up the horse and walked along by his head. Us must ha' travelled very nigh ten miles afore I did find out."

"Well, that do seem a funny thing!" exclaimed the other. "Yesterday! An' ye only come back to look for her this mornin'?"

Observing Zachary's confusion, he continued with good-natured haste. "Well, well, o' course ye couldn't so very well find her i' the dark. An' ye don't know where she be gone to?"

"That's what I be a-tryin' to find out," said Zachary. "I don't want no talk about it, ye understand."

"O' course not," agreed the other, scratching his unshaven chin. Then, with the air of one struck with a luminous idea, he added:—

"Maybe she've a-gone home to her mother. 'Tis what they do mostly do, young women, when they've a-fell out wi' their husbands."

"Her mother's dead," returned Short, "and she's got no home."

"That's a bad job," admitted the blacksmith. He ruminated, his chin once more emitting a rasping sound, as he rubbed it; it seemed to be a stimulative process, for presently he offered a fresh suggestion.

"Haven't she got no father, neither? Maybe she've gone to he."

Zachary uttered an exclamation of relief.

"There, I wonder I didn't think o' that. 'Tis the very thing she've a-done, I'll be bound. He've a-got a lodgin' at Stourpaine. 'Tis a good step from here, seven mile or more, but I go warrant 'tis there she's gone. I don't know how I could ha' been sich a sammy as not to think on it before. I've been a wool-gatherin' even since I found she was gone, when I mid ha' knowed that's where she'd be."

The color rushed back into his face. He looked away from the other in shame lest, meeting his eyes, the man should guess at the horrible dread which had given place to such an intensity of relief. How could he himself even for a minute have harbored a suspicion of her?

"O' course that's where she is," agreed the blacksmith. "If I was you, I'd jist toddle arter her, an' make it up. Lard-'a-mercy-me, she'll be glad enough to make friends. These here young women, they do get a bit opset sometimes, an' they do twite a man an' gnang at him till he do lose patience—but hard words do break no bwones, an' she've a-had time to cool down now, an' be ready to forgive and forget."

Zachary was almost out of hearing, but caught the last words, which had a pleasant sound for him.

"Forgive and forget."

It seemed to him now that there was nothing to forgive. If he could but clasp her once more in his arms, they might both forget.

It was quite dusk by the time he reached the little cottage—one of a row in which he had found a lodging for his father-in-law. The blinds were drawn, and the door fast closed, but descending from the gig he knocked lustily for admittance. The door was presently opened, and a woman looked out.

"I want to see Mr. Cuff," said Zachary, quickly.

"'Tis you, is it, Mr. Shart? Step

in, won't ye. We're a bit opset about Mr. Cuff ourselves."

"At his usual tricks, I suppose?" exclaimed Zachary impatiently. "Is he at the public now?"

"Well, us don't really know where he is, Mr. Shart. There's times when us do fear some haccident mid ha' happened to him. There, he did walk off wi' hisself one day a fortnight back, an' hasn't been seen or heard on since—not by no one as us do know, Mr. Shart."

"A fortnight ago," ejaculated Zachary.

"Well, there, yes, 'tis a fortnight, Mr. Shart. I was a-sayin' to my husband only this very day as us must write an' let ye know, along o' you payin' out so regular for en. O' course the money's there right enough, waitin' for en, I mid say"—here she broke off to utter a nervous laugh and to rub her thin hands together. "We've a-been expectin' of him back, ye see, else we'd ha' wrote afore."

"Did anybody come lookin' for en?" interrupted Zachary, quickly. "Did a young 'ooman call yesterday to ax for en? A light-haired young 'ooman—very young-lookin'," he added, the last words being spoken inarticulately because of that choking sensation which recurred whenever he alluded to his wife.

"Well, let's see," rejoined the other—"but won't ye really step inside, Mr. Shart? It do seem a shame to see ye standin' out there. A young 'ooman? Well, one o' these here girls from the Salvation Army—Halleluyah lasses they do call 'em—did look in to-week, but I don't know as she axed particularly for Mr. Cuff. I'm sure I'm very sorry this here trouble have happened about Mr. Cuff—'twasn't along o' no fault o' yours. I did try my very best for to keep en comfortable, an' my 'usband, he did advise en so well as he could, an' did often ax en if he wouldn't turn

teetotal; but there, he wouldn't, an'—"

Zachary was already re-seated in the gig, and without paying further heed to her harangue, had begun to move slowly away from the door.

"An' what be I to do wi' the last postal order what ye did send?" she called out after him.

"Oh, nothin'," he rejoined impatiently. "Keep it for your trouble." With difficulty he urged the tired horse as far as Shroton, and there was forced to halt for the night. He made no inquiries from any one of that neighborhood. A purpose was slowly forming itself in his mind, to be turned over and over during the long hours of that feverish, wakeful night, and finally decided upon, and soon after daybreak on the following morning he proceeded to carry it into execution.

The horse, well-fed and rested, proceeded at a brisk trot along the hilly, winding road which led to Sturminster, and turned in at the gate of Pendleton Farm at the breakfast hour.

Zachary went straight into the living room. His breath came quickly, the blood was hammering in his ears—if he should actually find Honesty under the roof of his rival—what should he do? How was he to deal with the man with any semblance of calmness? How, if he caught the look of hateful triumph in his face, should he refrain from striking him down? Flesh and blood could not endure such a sight with patience. Yet as his hand rested on the door-knob he paused to pull himself together before actually entering, telling himself fiercely that he must be patient. Honesty must be wooed back at any cost. Pride, self-respect, honor itself, it would be time enough to think of all these later on; his first care must be to rescue her. But a single glance round the large room showed it empty except for two insignificant figures. Jonathan's shrunken form was huddled in his easy chair, while the only other

person present was old Sally, the housekeeper, who had been laid up in the hospital at the time of Zachary's last visit. She halted now on her way from the hearth to the table, a tea-pot poised in her hand, to stare at the newcomer; while her master gazed at him, too, unrecognizingly.

"Don't you remember me, Cousin Shart?" said Zachary, going towards him. "I did come here last year, early in the fall. Honesty's husband, ye know."

"Honesty's husband," repeated Jonathan, still looking at him vacantly. "I'd forgot little Honesty was married. Where is she?"

Zachary hesitated before replying.

"Well, to tell ye the truth, I've come here to ax ye that. Her an' me have been travellin' about near here, an'—well, 'tis best to come out wi' the facts. Her an' me did have some words, a day or two ago, an' I—"

He broke off, searching for phrases with which to complete the humiliating confession.

"She slipped out o' the van," he resumed, "wi'out me noticin' it, and where she's gone I don't know. I thought she m'd ha', maybe, found her way here."

Jonathan grasped the arms of his chair, leaning forward anxiously.

"Ye don't know where she is," he ejaculated, and then glanced at Sally, who stood staring still, but with a changed look on her face, a look of alarm, almost of terror.

But as Zachary turned towards her, she endeavored to compose herself.

"Let's see," she said, "when was it as ye and Honesty did fall out?"

"Why, Tuesday, it was—Tuesday mornin'."

"Tuesday!" echoed Sally.

She walked across to the table, setting the tea-pot in its place; Zachary noticed that her lips were pursed and her hand shaking.

"Tuesday," repeated Jonathan, "what day was it as Robert went away?" he asked of the housekeeper, with just such a sudden gleam of intelligence as had come to him at intervals on the fateful night of Zachary's first visit.

"Mr. Robert did go off early Wednesday morning," said Sally, replying to her master, but fixing her little round black eyes anxiously on the newcomer's face.

"He came back very late o' Tuesday night, though."

"Late on Tuesday night?" inquired Zachary huskily.

The hours which he had employed in journeying heavily along those miles of bleak road—had Honesty spent them in Robert's company? She had been bitter with anger against himself, shamed by his treatment of her, she had loved the other man since childhood. The fellow, with his coarse good looks, had possibly a beguiling tongue—the little creature was helpless, ignorant. Her husband, who should have been her protector, was miles away. As he thought of these things, Zachary was shaken by a spasm of horrible laughter: the other two staring at him as though he were a man possessed. Disjointed phrases fell from him.

"To think o' me trundlin' the van along, w! the door bolted—an' nobody inside. Me, what had no thought but for her. Vampin' along so quick as I could, thinkin' I had her safe—an' every step I took was leading me away from her."

"Look—see, Maister," cried Sally, suddenly. "I can't have ye carryin' on like that, Maister here 'ull go out o' his mind same as yourself. 'Tis enough to make a body's flesh creep to hear ye. Gle over laughin'. 'Tis cryin' ye did ought to be."

"Cryin'," said Zachary, his voice suddenly dropping and his face straight-

way becoming seamed with lines of care.

"There, missus, I be cryin' i' my heart, I can tell ye."

He sank into a chair with a weary sigh:—

"Laughin', did ye say? I didn't know I was a-laughin'."

Sally poured out a steaming hot cup of tea and brought it to him.

"Drink that up," she said. "It 'ull maybe steady ye a bit. I'll give the maister his breakfast, an' then you an' me 'ull have a bit o' a talk."

Zachary drank his tea mechanically, and crumbled a morsel of bread; he could not eat. Sally, going round the table, ministered to the old man, as though he were a child, cutting up his bread and bacon and lifting the cup to his mouth. He seemed to have forgotten his cousin's presence, and made no further remark except an occasional query to the old woman. These had reference to unimportant subjects, such as the food on the table, the whereabouts of the dog, a passing expression of curiosity as to the ownership of Zachary's horse, which he could see through the window; of Zachary himself he took no further notice.

By and by he pushed away the fork which Sally held to his lips, and remarking that he had had enough, twisted round his chair to the fire. Then the old woman, making a sign to Zachary, stepped out into the adjoining scullery. He followed, closing the door after him, and the two faced each other for a moment in silence.

For long afterwards the trivial details of the scene remained stamped on the man's memory—the small flagged room with its damp-stained walls, the overturned hamper of potatoes in the corner, the piles of unwashed plates standing by the sink. Zachary gazed at these stupidly, thinking to himself

that even Sally did not keep the place as Honesty would have kept it; he felt sure that when she had lived at Pendleton there had been no dirty plates lying about.

"Tell me the whole truth, Mr. Shart," began Sally. "What was it as passed between you an' Honesty last Tuesday? Honesty, there I did love her same as if she was my own child, I did bring her up ever since she was a little maid. I know how good she was."

"She *was* good," said Zachary. He paused, resuming hastily, "she *is* good. If any harm's come to her, she isn't to be held accountable—'tis my fault."

"Ye do think as harm have a-come to her, then?" faltered the old woman, with a sob.

"Well, 'tis three days since she did leave me," returned he. "Three days. She'd ha' found her way back to me some ways if summat hadn't ha' happened. I don't think she's dead," he went on, steadying his voice—"I'd ha' knowed if she were dead. *She'd* ha' knowed then how I do love her, an' how I do grieve an' do repent. Her spirit 'ud ha' come back—because she'd ha' knowed an' understood."

Sally thrust out a bony, toil-roughened hand, and grasped his.

"Ye do repent?" she cried. "What did ye do to her then?"

"I was jealous," rejoined Zachary, in a low voice, "an' I—I did make her life a misery to her for months, 'ees 'tis months and months since it did happen. Her an' me—us did scarce speak all that time."

"Since what did happen?" asked Sally, as he paused again; then she continued quickly before he could answer her. "'Twas when ye come here, wasn't it? Master did tell I about you comin' here. Poor wold man—he did tell I he was afeared there was mischief between ye, along o' him tryin' to put ye on your guard."

As Zachary remained silent, she added, sinking her voice: "'Twas along o' Mr. Robert, wasn't it?"

Zachary nodded.

"And what did he tell ye then?" she pursued breathlessly.

He did not speak for a moment, but remained gazing at her, his eyes clouded his face working: he could scarcely bring himself to describe that bygone interview which had been the beginning of all his trouble. Then, as Sally impatiently tightened her grip on his wrist, he muttered stammeringly:—

"'Twas about her cousin—her bein' too fond o' her cousin, an' her uncle sendin' her away to be out o' danger, an' her comin' back—comin' back arter I'd axed her—to offer herself to that man."

"Offer herself!" ejaculated Sally. "However did ye get hold o' sich a tale as that?"

"The wold man told me—an' the son told me too t'other day—an' Honesty, she didn't deny it."

"The other day," cried Sally, ignoring the latter part of his sentence, "what day was that? When did ye meet Robert?"

"Why, Tuesday. I did find him an' my wife together, an' I was that mad I scarcely knew what I did do. I'd ha' killed him if he hadn't been too quick for me, an' I insulted Honesty. I locked her up in the van, an' she got out o' the window while I was away."

"Oh, ye girl fool!" exclaimed Sally, wringing her hands; tears sprang to her eyes. "She'd never stand that—she was allus a spirity maid though she was so lovin'. An' however ye could find it i' your heart to insult her—your own wife, the innocentest creatur' as the Lard ever made—"

"'Ees," agreed Zachary heavily. "she was that—the blame's mine. I don't know how I could ha' done it. She was innocent an' good—she's innocent an' good now—whatever mid ha'

happened—if I've druv' her to harm, the sin's mine I say."

"Oh, man, what's the good o' keepin' up a charm about it now when the mischief's done? 'Tis true enough what ye do say, but ye should ha' thought o' all that afore. There was no need for ye to be jealous. If the poor little maid was fond o' her cousin, 'twas only a childish fancy—she was but a child in heart an' in years. When she did come here that time afore she wed ye, she come as a child mid ha' done. Why, I was standin' i' this very room, an' heard all what passed. There was nothin' at all in it to make a fuss about."

"Ye were here?" said Zachary, mechanically.

His mind was eagerly following the drift of her words.

"Ees, I was here, along o' that hard-hearted fellow, Robert, arderin' me away from the table—me bein' too busy wi' my work to ha' time to clean myself—he wouldn't so much as let me sit down to my tea. I was there, an' I heard every word what passed between them. She was opset, poor little maid, along o' her mother wantin' her to get married to you. She did only know ye a few days, she said, an' you was older nor her, an'—well—if she did think Robert mid have a fancy for her, same as she had a likin' for him, an' her tellin' him the trouble she were in mid make him speak out, 'twas nat'ral enough—'twas what any maid 'ud ha' done. She didn't know ye then—she hadn't had time to learn to love ye—I can't see what there was to make sich a to-do about."

Zachary, gazing at her with his dazed troubled eyes, mentally repeated the words. What was there to make such a to-do about?

In a moment the monstrous barrier which he had erected between himself and Honesty, on so slight a foundation, crumbled and fell away. It was now

as though it had never existed; he saw Honesty, the child-maiden puzzled and piteous—how natural for her to turn to the man whom she fancied might love her, since she herself had not as yet learnt to love! She had learnt that lesson later, and he—he and no other man—had been her master.

Sally's voice broke in upon his thoughts.

"You're not listenin' to me! I'm axin' what ye be a-goin' to do? Ye don't know where she is now, ye say? Dear o' me, I could wish as I couldn't guess, but I be afeared—I be afeared. Robert, he did come back o' Tuesday night, terr'ble excited an' a bit the worse for drink, an' he did say some queer things."

"What?" said Zachary, as she stopped.

"He said he were a-goin' to Ireland to buy harses, ye know. He did say as he mid be away longer nor usual, an' then he did look at I, savage-like. 'You, an' your ugly old face,' he did say, 'I'll not be i' such a hurry to come back to that,' and then he did go on a-mutterin' to hisself about bringin' home a young housekeeper, an' then he did turn to maister what was dozin' i' his chair, an' he says awful impatient, 'But I can't do what I do like jist yet.'"

"What do ye think has happened then?" said Zachary, his stiff lips parting with difficulty.

"I'd 'low," said the old woman unsteadily, "as you've broke my poor child's heart, an' druv' her wild, an' if she did come across Robert an' he did persuade her to go wi' en—well, there, as ye do say yourself, 'tisn't her what's to blame."

"No," said Zachary—he made a step towards the door. "Gone to Ireland, ye say?"

"Master Robert, he do mostly go to Ireland once or twice a year. He do know two or three farmers what do

breed harses there. One o' the men "I'll ax them," returned Zachary. "If outside 'ud be able to tell ye more he's gone I'll set off after him at about it." once."

The Times.

[To be continued.]

BRUMAIRE.

No speculations in history are more fascinating than those which concern themselves with the effect upon great events of fortune or accident. This is particularly true when the incidents are of picturesque importance in the life of a great historical personage. It is, for instance, an interesting source of conjecture whether Disraeli would ever have become Prime Minister if denied the opportunity which Peel's volte-face on the Corn Laws afforded him. But the most conspicuous instance in history is that in which it seems, upon the 18th Brumaire, as if a trivial incident had determined at once the career of Napoleon and the fortunes of Europe.

The *coup d'état* cannot be reconstructed without realizing the position of Napoleon when it occurred, for it is impossible otherwise to do justice to the views of those who believe that, even if it had failed, his reputation and genius would nevertheless have succeeded in asserting a system of personal government. His career had been one of success, swift, brilliant, and complete. Few lives have crowded more achievement into three and a-half years than his between the early months of 1796 and October, 1799. On March 2 in the earlier year he became Commander-in-Chief of the army in Italy. The battles of Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, Cherasco and Lodi followed in quick succession. In May he entered Milan. The capitulation of Mantua in February, 1797, followed upon the battles of Castiglione and Arcola. And in the same short period Napoleon made it clear that he completely rec-

ognized both the strength and the detachment of his personal position. He negotiates the Treaties of Cherasco and Tolentino and arranges the conditions of the Peace of Campo Formio. His dependence upon the authorities in Paris continually dwindles; and the conviction insensibly spreads that France has produced not only a brilliant soldier but a stubborn and dominating personality. On his return to Paris in December of 1797, he found himself a popular hero; and even then discerning observers formed the opinion that his career was one to which no limits could be assigned. Nor were many deceived by the apparent modesty with which he affected the seclusion of private life. His aspiring nature was both obvious and notorious. At this time his thoughts were all of splendid warlike enterprise. A single sentence, however, in reply to a deputation showed that other thoughts attendant upon opportunity were even then present in his mind: "France," he said "has need of a better political system." But he concerned himself principally at this time with those plans for the destruction of England which gradually obsessed his judgment, and, developing into monomania, finally shipwrecked his career. He became Commander of the Great Army against England. After rejecting the direct, but doubtful and hazardous, attempt of invasion he decided to strike at England through Malta and Egypt. None can say how far the immense megalomania, which in later years clouded his faculties and caused his fall, and which even now inspired him with the ambition of

marching in conquest to Hindustan, was contributory to a decision which was, in fact, defensible by strategical considerations of a simpler character.

The Egyptian Expedition set sail on May 19, 1798. It evaded the observation of Nelson's fleet, which was cruising in the neighborhood of Crete, and captured Alexandria on July 2. On July 21, the Battle of the Pyramids was fought, and two days later Napoleon was in possession of Cairo. But shortly afterwards he sustained the crushing blow of the Battle of the Nile. Whether Napoleon ever suggested to Admiral Brueys that he should fall back on Corfu, is disputed. The later orders, which are undoubted, came too late. It was the misfortune of Napoleon that in Nelson he met one hardly inferior to himself in genius, and his equal in tenacity. Pitted against an ordinary opponent, Brueys would probably have been safe in the shoals of Aboukir Bay.

The result of this battle left Napoleon triumphant indeed upon the land, but deprived of all communication with France, and without the means of transporting his army home should circumstances render such a course necessary. Napoleon met the blow with extraordinary composure, allowing it to disturb neither his military nor administrative activities. Confronted with a declaration of war by Turkey and the information that two Turkish armies were converging upon Egypt, he marched in February for Syria. A month later he commenced the siege of Acre. It was resisted with resolution and success, and late in May Napoleon was compelled to abandon the investment. He marched swiftly back to Egypt and overthrew the second Turkish Army in decisive rout. His position at this moment was of extreme interest. He had become aware, through Sir Sidney Smith, of the state of affairs at home, both

domestic and foreign, and surmised with unerring clearness that the psychological moment for his reappearance had arrived. Nor was there any particular inducement to remain in Egypt. He was in effective, if somewhat precarious, occupation of the country, and was at the same time embarrassed by the knowledge that no prospect existed either of extending his successes or of conveying his army home. Egypt offered nothing further to his personal ambition, and, on the other hand, a dazzling prospect of incalculable greatness awaited him in France. He handed over his command to Kléber, and entered upon his perilous voyage in August of 1799. The spirit in which he went is revealed in his message to Marmont: "What can one expect from the incapable men who are at the head of affairs? There is a rule of ignorance, folly, and corruption. I alone have borne the burden, and by constant successes have strengthened the Government which without me would neither have been able to get into power nor keep there. When I leave everything falls to pieces. Let us not wait till the ruin is complete. The news of my return will reach France simultaneously with that of the destruction of the Turkish Army at Aboukir. My presence will raise the people's spirits, restore to the troops their lost confidence, and to good citizens their hope of happier days to come."

The two frigates *Muiron* and *Carrère* eluded the observation of Sir Sidney Smith, and against baffling winds and by a circuitous course made their way along the African shore towards Carthage. One of Nelson's cruisers guarded the dangerous channel between Tunis and Sicily. This peril was escaped by night, but Napoleon was thereafter detained for many days at Corsica. The risk was not over when at last they were able to sail, for early in October

they were sighted by an English squadron which immediately gave hot chase. Once again fortune befriended him; he escaped under the shelter of night, and on October 9 landed in Fréjus Bay.

The circumstances of this exciting voyage have necessarily been summarized, but enough has been said to show its extremely hazardous nature. It was hardly less likely, on the whole, that he would be captured than that he would escape. At the moment his star was in the ascendant and his career on the upward plane. Had he been captured either by Sir Sidney Smith or between Tunis and Sicily, or, later still, off the Islands of Hyères, how different might the history of France and of Europe have been in the years which followed!

The moment of Napoleon's arrival was most happily timed. There was a general conviction in France that the men at the head of affairs were inadequate to the necessities of the crisis, and a general longing for the advent, upon a stage filled by commonplace actors, of some player of outstanding brilliancy and prestige. Innumerable difficulties confronted the Government of the day; the country was full of disorder, the finances embarrassed, and the Directory unpopular. Business in Paris was at a standstill, no recruits were forthcoming for the Army, a widespread reaction had followed upon the excesses of the Revolution, and a passionate desire was spreading through every class for order, stability and discipline. Nor was the situation of foreign affairs more fortunate. The success of French arms against Russia had by no means compensated for the loss of Italy. Here the national pride had sustained a severe blow, and the fruits of Napoleon's brilliant campaigns appeared to be irreparably lost.

Nor was compensation to be derived

from any general confidence in the constitution of the year III. Under this constitution the Directory wielded the principal executive and administrative power. The Legislature, to which considerable powers of delay and control were conceded, consisted of the Council of the Ancients and the Council of the Five Hundred. Of the five Directors the most remarkable was Sieyès. He was in many ways a man of striking ability. A theorist, a constitutional lawyer and a man of extraordinary industry, he had long busied himself in dissecting the shortcomings of a constitution which he had always disliked, and in forming schemes for the construction of a new one. Sieyès would have been completely happy in any country if given a blank sheet of paper and the right to reconstruct its constitution. He was, moreover, a man of great ambition, though without the nerve and personal daring which were necessary if he was to play the part in the turbulent politics of contemporary France which he so ardently desired. The meeting of two such men as Napoleon and Sieyès at such a moment was in itself a remarkable event. The latter had long been aware that association with a soldier and a man of affairs was necessary to his plans, but that he would have chosen Napoleon for a confederate if he could have found a man more pliable but possessed of the necessary powers is inconceivable. Either Napoleon or some other distinguished soldier was necessary to Sieyès, for the latter perceived clearly enough the conspicuous part which it would be possible for him to play, in association with a man of action, in the changes which he contemplated. And Sieyès was equally necessary to Napoleon. There can be no doubt that the latter was determined at this time to become *first man* as well as in fact the first man in France. He looked around him and

saw everywhere pessimism and disillusionment. He saw amongst those in control failure, incompetence and a degree of unpopularity which was rapidly approaching detestation, and he discerned with complete clearness that the country as a whole would welcome almost any change which guaranteed the permanence of the Land Reforms, and secured to all citizens the right to carry on their business without interruption and without the risk of recurrent political disturbance. But Napoleon did not fail equally to observe how great were the difficulties which would have met a single-handed attempt on his part to execute a *coup d'état*. His prestige was indeed immense, and his popularity in Paris apparently unbounded, but no one could tell with precision how far Jacobinism was extinct among the mob, or what would be the consequences if the cry were raised, and believed, that he or any one else was attempting to establish a Dictatorship. And it has been pointed out that great powers of resistance were still possessed by the Directory which, if reinforced by the two legislative bodies, could only have been borne down by an exercise of violence involving the greatest risk and uncertainty. Napoleon's own influence was not great either with the Directory or with the two Councils. His brother Lucien, indeed, was President of the Council of the Five Hundred, and was, as will be seen, destined to bear an intrepid and distinguished part in the events which followed, but this Council as a whole was tenaciously insistent upon the retention of its constitutional powers. In these difficulties the help of Sieyès was vital. He had been elected to the Directory in May, 1799, after refusing to serve four years earlier on the ground that he disliked the constitution and disbelieved in its permanence. He gained over to his side another Director, the supple

Barras. The two deposed La Révellière-Lépeaux and Merlin, who were incorruptible; and the Directory, as reconstituted in Brumaire, consisted of Sieyès, Barras, Gohier, Ducos and Moulin. Of these Sieyès, Barras and Ducos were favorable to Napoleon's designs, the Council of Ancients was readily manageable, and Lucien, whom at the moment no one suspected of treachery to the Constitution, had a considerable following in the Council of the Five Hundred. It is hardly necessary to repeat that Sieyès and Napoleon wanted quite different things. Sieyès wanted a new constitution, which he would have the pleasure of drafting, and under which his academic powers would have full scope for what he conceived to be their legitimate influence. Napoleon wanted to be the first man in France, and the only man in France, and was contemptuously and justly certain that he could fling Sieyès aside as soon as he ceased to be useful.

Such was the position at the moment when it was determined by these strangely assorted accomplices to put everything to the hazard. On November 6, at a banquet given by the Chambers to Moreau and Bonaparte, the arrangements were completed. The attempt was to be made on the 18th and 19th Brumaire. Napoleon had satisfied himself that he could in the main count upon the Army. He was, as always, idolized by the private soldiers, and had conciliated by skilful manipulation the more important Generals. The general public was prepared for unusual measures by skilfully disseminated reports that the Jacobins were contemplating insurgent movements, and that a recrudescence of violence was to be apprehended. On the 18th Brumaire a memorable session of the Council of Ancients began. It was then decided, under a preconceived plan and within the powers of the constitution, that the sitting should be transferred

to St. Cloud. On the motion of Regnier it was resolved that both Councils should meet at the Palace on 19th Brumaire, and that this decree should be carried out by General Bonaparte, who for that purpose was given the command of the National Guards, the Guard of the Legislative Body and the garrison of Paris. A further resolution provided that General Bonaparte should appear before the Council of the Ancients and take the oath.

While these momentous resolutions were in process of adoption Napoleon was awaiting news in his house, in the midst of the most trusted of his military supporters. Who can tell what strange ambitions, what uneasy apprehensions filled that inscrutable head at this supreme moment of his destiny? That he was consumed by the most poignant anxiety is certain: that his nerve was very considerably affected was proved by the events which followed in swift succession. The two dissentient Directors, Moulin and Gohier, at once perceived the significance of Regnier's motion. Gohier was placed under arrest, Moulin made good his escape. In the meantime Napoleon, informed a little prematurely of the compliance of the Ancients, rode to the Tuilleries. Fournier reminds us that in his route he passed the Place de la Concorde, where the Statue of Liberty was under repair. It will be remembered that Napoleon was to take the oath to the Constitution. He evaded this obligation, plunging instead into vague rhetoric which was much applauded by the soldiers in the gallery, but produced very little impression upon the Ancients; and, indeed, even before the Council, largely favorable to himself, which he first addressed, he appeared to little advantage. It seemed as if his personality, so overpowering amid familiar surroundings, had failed him under circumstances of which he had so little experience. He left the Coun-

cil unconvinced, and engaged in doubtful whisperings and uneasy consultation. A greater ordeal awaited him and one to which he was to prove even more unequal. It became necessary to face the Council of the Five Hundred. The influence of Lucien Bonaparte had induced this Council to acquiesce without undue suspicion in the transference of its session to St. Cloud, but its members were wholly unprepared to acquiesce in any violent inroad upon the Constitution. Napoleon entered the hall, and as he entered the uniforms of his military companions became clearly visible to those within. Immediately there rang out the cry, which in the last few years had sounded the death knell of so many daring adventurers, "Outlaw him! Down with the Dictator!" These cries were taken up all over the Chamber, and seemed for a moment to spell the message of doom. Napoleon flinched, and for a moment everything was lost. He did not even altogether escape physical violence but was roughly jostled by indignant members. The soldiers formed around him, and escorted him from the hall pale, dismayed, incoherently babbling, no longer master of himself. This was the supreme crisis of his life, and he was saved, not by himself, but by Lucien. Both within the Chamber, and even without among the soldiers, the position was hazardous, uncertain and critical. Within arose an immediate demand that a vote of outlawry should be passed by the Council. It is impossible to say with dogmatic certainty what would have been the consequences of such a vote, but that it would have involved Napoleon in the gravest, and the most immediate, peril is apparent. Lucien Bonaparte, with swift and brilliant instinct, realized that the only hope of saving the situation was to suspend the sitting. This he did, flinging aside his official robes, and leaving the Chamber under the protection of sol-

diers who entered in order to extricate him.

Observe how charged with danger the situation now was. The Ancients were unconvinced and sullenly antagonistic to Napoleon's confused arguments. The Five Hundred, in a state of violent resentment, and undeterred by the secession of their President, were still discussing the propriety of a vote of outlawry. The last hope now lay with the soldiers. In which scale would they throw their weight? Even this question could not be answered with certainty. They were, it is true devoted to Napoleon; they believed in his star, and recognized with admiration his brilliant military gifts. But prejudice against the assumption of despotic power was in their very marrow, and there was proceeding before their eyes, evident and unmistakable, the violent destruction of the whole fabric of the Constitution. The issue hung in the balance. The Revolution and all it stood for was at the hazard. It became evident that it could only be determined favorably to the conspirators by one of those skilful, daring and dramatic appeals of which very great men are capable in times of very great crisis. The Napoleon crisis stared in the face, but it was not Napoleon who rose to the height of resource which it demanded. The essential falsity of the antithesis so frequently attempted between men of words and men of deeds—for there are many occasions in which words are deeds—received a signal illustration. Napoleon, the man of deeds, was still not his own man: Lucien, the man of words, was equal to the needs of a moment so poignant. Mounting a horse he addressed the excited soldiers "Frenchmen," he said, "the President of the Council of the Five Hundred assures you that the vast majority of that assembly is at present terrorized by a number of deputies armed with

daggers who besiege the tribunal, threatening their colleagues, and proposing the most violent resolutions. I tell you, these insolent brigands, doubtless in the pay of the English Government, are rebelling against the Council of the Ancients, and are demanding outlawry of the General deputed to carry out the Council's decree. I assure you this handful of violent men, by their assaults upon the liberty of this assembly, have put themselves outside the law. To the soldiers I entrust the duty of liberating the majority of the nation's representatives, so that, protected from daggers by your bayonets, we may be able to deliberate in peace on the interests of the Republic. You will regard those only who have come here among you with their President, as deputies of France. As for those who have stayed behind in the Orangerie to vote upon the act of outlawry, thrust them out. These robbers are no longer the representatives of the people—but of the dagger."

Even this adroit and impassioned speech did not at once succeed in inducing the soldiers to march upon the assembly. They contented themselves with giving cheers for Bonaparte, but hesitated before resorting to violence against the Deputies. Here, again, it was Lucien who, with a sure melodramatic instinct, captured the waverers. He drew his dagger, pointed it at Napoleon's heart, with an oath that he would kill his brother if he ever failed in fidelity to the liberty of France. The point was carried. The troops under Murat burst into the hall. The Deputies met their entry with defiant cheers for the Republic. But the discord melted into silence before the menacing drums of the soldiery, and the Councillors were driven in headlong flight through the doors and the windows. Such were the methods adopted in dealing with the body which was most hostile to the plans of the

conspirators. It remained to apply the necessary degree of persuasion to the Ancients. Here, again, the resourceful Lucien played an indispensable part. He prevailed upon the Council to resolve that the "Consular fasces, the illustrious symbol in old days of Republic liberty, shall be adopted to confound slanderers and reassure the nation, the unanimous consent of which will consecrate your labors." It was thereafter decided that a provisional Government should be created of three Consuls, and that both Chambers should at once be adjourned. On the same night Lucien harangued the complaisant Rump of the Five Hundred into acceptance of similar resolutions.

It is not necessary to trace subsequent events in any detail. The *coup d'état* was complete, and after a brief interval it became clear that nothing stood between Napoleon and autocratic power. The true interest of the whole attempt is to be found in the narrow margin by which it succeeded. Sieyès had been under no apprehension as to the reality of his danger. A coach with six swift horses ready harnessed outside his house bore witness to his appreciation of the risk. The more one considers the story of the attempt, the more extraordinary does its complete success become. It is evident from the admissions of the conspirators themselves that they were in the greatest doubt as to the disposition of the mob in Paris. The whole number of soldiers readily available was inconsiderable, and no one could confidently expect that such soldiers as there were could be induced to carry out by force of arms a revolution for which neither they nor their leaders, other than Napoleon, were prepared. Napoleon's astuteness, his lack of scruple, his daring and his judgment of human nature were most strikingly illustrated in the preparatory stages of the attempt, but all his most char-

acteristic qualities failed him at the supreme moment. It is probable that he overrated alike the influence of Sieyès over the Ancients, of Lucien over the Five Hundred and of himself over the soldiers. There is, at any rate, evident ground for the conclusion that he was disconcerted by his reception among the Ancients, dismayed by the open hostility of the Five Hundred, and unprepared with that appeal to the soldiers which he of all men should have known how to make in direct and telling language. One could have understood that Lucien, the practised and accomplished Parliamentarian, should have been more at home in the Council, but it is amazing that the decisive appeal to the soldiers—an appeal of which we cannot afford to deride the melodrama, for it saved the situation—should have proceeded from him and not from that greater brother who knew better than any soldier ever knew how to speak to his soldiers in language that penetrated at once to their very hearts.

What would have happened if the event which so narrowly succeeded had, in fact, failed? It is very doubtful whether Napoleon could have escaped with his life. He might, indeed, have galloped away for a last appeal to the mob of Paris, or to repeat to the rest of the army Lucien's tale of an attack upon his life. It is utterly impossible to give a confident opinion whether he would have succeeded or not, but there can be little doubt that had he fallen into the hands of the hostile majority in the Council of the Five Hundred he would have been in great danger of paying the penalty of his attempt with his life. He might easily have fallen as Cæsar fell. Indeed, his enterprise was plainly of a character which, in the eyes of Republicans, admitted neither of defence nor extenuation. Every action taken was explicable only as part of a carefully

considered *coup d'état*, the object of which was to subvert the existing Constitution of France. If Napoleon, convicted of such an attempt, had been spared, those who spared him would have deserved all the retribution which his survival would assuredly have brought them. In its more personal aspect the incident, as I have attempted to show, did little justice to the qualities which Napoleon so often exhibited, both earlier and later. On

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at least one other well-known occasion in his career he lost his nerve when he needed it most. The presence of mind, the resource, the boldness and the ready falsehoods of Lucien, were really the qualities which carried the day, and it may be doubted whether the whole of history can afford a more striking instance of energy and inspiration shown by one brother in the crisis of another's destiny.

F. E. Smith.

THE FATE OF THE FRANCHISE BILL.

The fate of the Franchise Bill throws a curious light on the British Constitution. Two of the main features of that mysterious fabric are generally stated to be the omnipotence of Parliament and the joint responsibility of the cabinet. Here we find Parliament foiled of its desire, and the cabinet proclaiming that it is divided against itself.

The Franchise Bill, which had been promised in the King's speech, was introduced last summer. It proposed to abolish the various existing franchises, with the exception of that by occupation, which is the qualification on which the vast majority of existing electors exercise their votes, to add a residential qualification, to prohibit any voter from voting more than once, and to simplify and shorten the procedure for registration. It was in fact a measure for simplification, rather than for extension, of the franchise. In the words of Mr. Harcourt, when moving the second reading, "It was a mistake to talk of this Bill as if it was a great extension of the franchise to new classes of electors." The only new classes, if such they could be called, were male domestic servants and sons living at home with their parents. Its main objects were to shorten the period of

residence necessary to qualify a man for the vote, and to abolish plural voting.

The interest which the man in the street took in the matter, however, was largely due to something which did not appear in the Bill at all. About half the members of Parliament were pledged to vote for some form of female suffrage. Unfortunately for the movement these supporters were fairly evenly divided between the various parties in the House, including both front benches. There was no chance, therefore, of its being taken up by either side as a party measure. Further pressure was brought to bear, and in November, 1911, Mr. Asquith, himself an opponent of votes for women, promised a suffragist deputation that, if the House of Commons chose to extend the Franchise Bill so as to include women, the Government would make themselves responsible for carrying through the measure as amended. Consequently, when the Bill reached committee, several amendments were put down with the object of extending the franchise, in very varying degrees, to various classes of women.

The beginning of the committee stage was marked by another important development. Fearing apparently that

the retention of the occupation, along with the residential, qualification might lead to "faggoting," or the artificial creation of votes, the Government set down an amendment to abolish the occupation franchise altogether and base the whole electorate solely on the qualification of residence.

It is the practice of the House of Commons, which was laid down as well established by Speaker Peel in 1889, that when a bill has been so transformed by amendments in committee as to become substantially a different measure, it is necessary that leave should be given to introduce a new bill and that the second reading stage should be gone through again, when the general principle of the measure, as distinguished from its component clauses, can be affirmed. Evidently it might well be contended that an amendment abolishing altogether the occupier's vote, which, as already pointed out, is numerically by far the most important franchise at the present time, substantially transformed the Bill. The point was raised by Mr. Bonar Law on January 23, but the Speaker declined to give a ruling, on the ground that the proper time for doing so would be when the Bill with amendments left the committee.

Clearly, however, if there was any doubt as to the Government's amendments, that doubt applied equally to the various suffragist amendments, which would add whole new classes of voters to the existing electorate. This point was raised, not by Mr. Bonar Law, but by Mr. Asquith himself four days later. The Speaker agreed to waive his former objection to giving a decision at that stage, and his ruling is worth quoting *in extenso*:

If the amendments of which notice has been given by the Government, and one or two of the amendments designed to grant Women Suffrage were to be inserted in the Bill, my opinion

is that under those circumstances the Bill would be substantially a new Bill. Therefore, in accordance with the practice of the House, it ought to be withdrawn and a fresh Bill ought to be introduced. I may leave aside for the moment as not being immediately pressing the question of the new amendments of which notice has been given by His Majesty's Government. The question I have put to myself and have to answer now is whether, if any of the amendments designed to grant the suffrage to women were admitted they would make so great a change in the Bill as to constitute it a new Bill. Let me take the amendments *seriatim*. With regard to the amendment to leave out the word "male," I suppose it is intended, as the right hon. gentleman said, to open the door to one or other of the amendments being proposed. If the Bill were amended by leaving out the word "male" and leaving in the word "person," it would not, in my judgment, make the difference intended. I understand that in all franchise Acts the word "person" has always hitherto been held to mean "male person."

To come to the other three amendments, I am told—though I have no means of verifying it myself—that the first amendment, if carried, would admit some eleven millions of women to the vote, that the second amendment would admit some six millions, and that the third amendment would probably admit one million to one million and a half. If that be so—and I am bound to accept those statements from persons who have authority to make them—I have formed the opinion that the admission of any one of those amendments would so alter the Bill as practically to convert it into a new Bill. Under those circumstances, I shall advise the House that the Bill be withdrawn, and that a motion should be made to ask leave to introduce a new Bill. It has been suggested to me that in the Representation of the People Bills of 1867 and 1884, amendments designed for somewhat similar purposes were moved in Committee, and that no exception was tak-

en to them. In regard to that I would first of all take the technical point—and I admit it is only a technical point—that these amendments were not carried, were not inserted in the Bill, and that the Speaker of that day did not have the opportunity of considering the bills with the amendments in them. Therefore, there is no strict precedent there. I would, however, take very much broader ground than that. I would say that the Representation of the People Bill, 1832, the Representation of the People Bill, 1867, and the Representation of the People Bill, 1884, were all designed, and purposely designed, to open the franchise to a large class, or many large classes, of the people of this country who, up to that moment, had not had the privilege of the franchise. Those Bills were, I say, purposely designed for that object. The present Bill is not designed with any such object. The present Bill is limited in its scope; the chief object of it is to abolish plural voting, while the secondary object of it is to add rapidity to the system of registration. There are other minor objects and purposes. The effect, it is true, of those provisions may be very considerably to increase the electorate, but, as the right hon. gentleman the President of the Board of Education pointed out very clearly last Thursday night, the Bill did not propose, and did not, in fact, add a new class, nor was it designed to add a new class to the electorate. If one of the Women Suffrage Amendments were to be inserted, it would add to the electorate a very large class, and would establish an entirely new principle. In my judgment, leave to introduce the Bill did not contain that principle, and that principle was not assented to on second reading. Therefore, I am driven to the conclusion that the Bill would, if altered by the insertion of a Women Suffrage amendment, practically constitute a new Bill.

The result was that the Bill was withdrawn. It is probably true to say that the damage sustained by the Government through the loss of one of

their principal measures is fairly balanced by the consequent lightening of their programme and the avoidance of the difficulties with which they would have been faced if they had been called upon, as they probably would have been, to carry through a measure to which half of them had serious objections by means of the Parliament Act.

The constitutional position disclosed is interesting. We have long been taught to believe that the crowning glory of the British Constitution was the fact that it was "unwritten" and consequently elastic. The events of recent years have raised a doubt in many minds whether unwritten custom is a sufficient protection against a powerful and determined executive. Almost the only definite checks on their action are, first, the powers still retained by the Second Chamber under the Parliament Act, and, secondly, the rules and standing orders of the House of Commons. In each case the Speaker is the sole and absolute arbiter, and it is becoming clear that he is the pivot on which the Constitution turns. Three times in less than two years he has been called upon to take a bold stand in defence of that Constitution. The first was when, owing to the introduction of certain extraneous matter in the Budget of 1911, he withheld his certificate that the measure was a "money bill" under the provisions of the Parliament Act, the result being that legally the House of Lords were entitled to amend or reject it. The second was when, last December, the attitude he took up prevented the Government from rescinding by a mere negative an adverse vote on one of the financial resolutions of the Home Rule Bill. The third was the ruling on the Franchise Bill referred to above. On each occasion his decision has been loyally obeyed by the Government. But men change.

Speakers and ministers alike are fallible. The Speaker is the servant of the House of Commons, which appoints and can remove him. A new Speaker is chosen as a rule by the party in power from its own ranks, and, though he is generally re-elected as long as he desires to serve, there is no obligation to do so. As the importance of

The Round Table.

the post increases, the tendency to secure an accommodating occupant for the chair may become harder to resist. How long will a man in such a position under the stress of changed conditions be able to maintain the high traditions of his office for dignity and independence?

FREEDOM.

It was sunrise upon a summer's day, and a man was tolling up a steep Dartmoor tor. The red light that flamed from a bank of crimson clouds glinted upon him as he climbed. It glinted also upon green turf, dark rocks, purple heather, and golden gorse. The man seemed the one ugly object in a clean and lovely world. He was of great height and well built. Despite the fact that he had been straining every nerve and sinew over rough ground all through the night there was still a certain springiness about his long stride. And there was nothing markedly ugly or evil about his face. It was an oddly quiet face, thin-lipped and long and steadfast. It was only his clothes that made a sinister blot upon the glowing peace of the great moor. They were odd-looking garments. Coarse shoes, ringed stockings, yellow coat and knickers scarred with the broad arrow, told their own grim tale. Their owner was a convict escaped from the great prison that hurts the eye amid the gracious space and cleanliness of the moor, like a dead carcase festering in rich sunshine among flowers.

He had quenched his thirst at a brown, babbling stream that wound and danced and foamed its way down the valley, kneeling upon springy heather as he drank and laved his face and hands in the cool water. That

purple heather was like a fragrant bed inviting him to slumber. He would have liked well to stretch his tired limbs upon it and sleep long and deeply, lulled by the ceaseless, crooning murmur of the stream. But an instinct bade him climb the tor that swelled above him like the rounded breast of a huge woman's statue, carved by a careless god. He would keep his freedom while he might. It was a jewel of great price won at some little cost. But he had no hope, no hope at all, of prolonging this good time indefinitely. The sun and the clean air, the gracious moon and stars, the turf and heather, and long, rounded hills would be his for but a very little while. Only for a few hours more at best could he look to cherish this new freedom, precious beyond all words after his narrow, poisonous cage. Then would come freedom of another sort. He knew well what he must do—then. But meanwhile he would throw no chance away.

So he climbed the tor, peering around him as he clambered through the growing light. He knew, he had known when he planned his dash for freedom, how hot would be the chase. He was no ignorant ruffian, weary of prison discipline, imagining vaguely that escape was only a question of clearing the prison walls. This convict knew only too well the odds against him.

Every village, every lonely cottage would hold enemies eager to hunt him down; his clothes would brand him; the great, lonely, foodless moor itself would be his foe; the telegraph would rouse the country side; the warders would hold to the chase untiringly. He knew all this. But it seemed that for the time he had eluded the pursuit. That mist and the darkness had served him well. Strain his eyes as he might he could see no human figure along the valley or upon the rolling, rock-scarred slopes. Ponies and sheep and birds seemed to be the only living creatures that moved through these wilds. And he climbed steadily upwards to his goal. That grim huddle of black, craggy rocks upon the very summit of the tor would give him shelter from keen eyes and from the scorching sun. The going was cruelly rough. He was panting heavily when he reached the rocks. Crouching warily, he threw one more searching glance around. The air was keen and fresh up here. And the sun had burst its way clear of the crimson clouds. He could see for many miles. No hint of danger still! Only slow moving dots, far and far away. They might be men—more probably they were ponies. The man gave a little sigh of relief as he sank down beneath an overhanging rock. The air was warm, there was a drowsy hum of bees, the heather was faintly fragrant. It was a good world, after all, after all. . . . He relaxed his muscles and seemed at once to sink down, far down, into a dark cool cave of sleep. . . . And there forgetfulness came to him, and the sunshine piercing the cracks of the dark stones was as the light of a woman's eyes, and the fragrance of the heather was as the faint, faint fragrance of a woman's hair, and the cool, drowsy breeze caressing his weary temples was as the touch of a woman's cool slim hands. . . . That woman was dead to the

convict, as dead as though she lay beneath six feet of earth, but that mattered nothing. He had forgotten everything that seared and hurt. His dreams for once were merciful. And this convict was not used to mercy, from god or men or even from his dreams. Now he smiled as he slept, and with that smile his gaunt face was changed as by a miracle.

Hours later he awoke with shrill cries in his ears. Instantly with his waking his face regained its grim, hard calm. He peered cautiously from the sheltering rocks, but what he saw made him forget all caution. A few yards away a half-grown lamb was in sore trouble. It had caught one foot between two sharp rocks. Now all its struggles only increased its torture. Four of its comrades, pink-wooled like itself, stood around in a stupid circle, gazing with inquiring eyes. The screams of the suffering captive were very piteous. They went straight to the heart of the man who heard them. He would have listened with far more composure to the plaints of a human victim. As it was, he sprang to his feet and moved swiftly into the open with no thought for his own safety. The lamb's companions darted away at his approach. The prisoner shrank at sight of him, with an instinctive fear of man, but in its brown eyes was something like an appeal. The convict stooped with deft hands. The released lamb, with no appearance of gratitude, limped swiftly after its mates. Then the convict had leisure to remember his own interests. He dropped flat upon the soft, close turf, and so crawled back to the shelter of the rocks.

Afterwards he looked about him as best he might from his lurking-place. He knew now, none better, that he had courted an abrupt ending to his few hours of freedom by exposing himself in full daylight upon the crest of

the tor. But he realized with a gasp of thankfulness that that end had not come yet. So far as he could tell the great, rolling moor beneath his eyes was still naked of human life. The gods, if there were gods, were in a mood more generous than usual! . . . The risk had been frightful. But he knew to a certainty that, given the same provocation, he would run that risk again without a thought.

That was the one outstanding characteristic of his nature. He could not bear to see an animal in pain. Men, in comparison, meant strangely little to him. Men could speak, they could look after themselves, but an animal, a tortured animal, was—different. There was a look in the eyes of any suffering animal that drew him to the rescue as with ropes. And if pain were being needlessly inflicted upon that animal its eyes could wake a hot devil in his heart. That was the secret of his character. Most of us hide a worse. Naturally, they were not aware of it in the prison. Even the ever-tolling, pitiful chaplain thought him hard and cold. But they did know that he had killed a man in anger, and most of them judged that he had been lucky to escape the rope.

It was his own cousin whom he had killed. The man who had broken gaol, the man who lay beneath the rocks, was remembering that killing now. He had not meant to kill the man. And at least, if it had been a crime, he had paid for it with the slow torture known to the wounded left waterless and unheeded after a bloody battle. His cousin had died swiftly. . . . He could see him now, thrashing that dog, mercilessly, needlessly. He was always brutal to his dogs. He had only laughed unpleasantly at a suggestion that the punishment should cease. The dog was moaning and quivering. Then something seemed to crack in the brain of

the man who watched him. But he had only used his fist, there had been no weapon. Clean upon the jaw he had struck his cousin. The little mocking gods or devils who ruled the world had ordained that his head should strike a sharp gate-post as he fell. It was they who had killed his cousin.

But a jury, skilfully worked upon by clever counsel, had thought otherwise. There had been some little friction, some old question of money, between the cousins. That had told sorely against him at the trial. The point had been rubbed home with devilish cleverness. Standing in the dock and listening, he had almost believed himself a villain. And yet all the while he knew that his hands were clean, as man's hands go. The Press had not spared him. The case had been worked up to excite interest. A most worthy, good-hearted public, blinded by printers' ink, had expected him to hang. But they only sent him to prison in the end.

They only sent him to prison! They only buried him alive for an endless term of years! He had been a man with a dumb, unexpressed love for the wind, the sunshine and the rain of the open road. To imprison such a man is to employ a torture longer and more exquisite than was ever devised by the Inquisition of Spain. Apart from his social disgrace, apart from the crumbled ruin of his life, apart from his hopeless despair, apart from and beyond all these hurts was the slow agony of his actual confinement. There are men made like those wild creatures who die when they are caged. This convict was such an one. He gave little trouble in the prison. He conformed to irksome discipline, he suffered all humiliations, he ate what he might of displeasing food without complaint or rebellion. They judged him callous and hard and stupid. Only an experienced man-keeper,

here and there, judging by the look in his eyes, guessed that possibly some day this convict might be dangerous. Those wardens were right. This prisoner was eating out his heart for freedom. His life was utterly valueless to him. He was coolly prepared to barter it for a few hours of liberty. He had thought the matter over thoroughly in the long, sleepless nights. Now he was only waiting for his chance.

It came one day. It came, as such chances usually come, thanks to a thick, wet, grey belt of mist sweeping suddenly across the moor.

The convict did not hesitate. A risk—yes, but what was a risk to him, a hopeless man? The wardens were hurriedly marshalling the gangs. Freedom called to him, like a mocking, exquisite goddess. He broke away into the mist. Ten leaps and he would be invisible. Only one warder barred his way. The convict was upon him before he could use his rifle. He had no hate for the man, and no pity. He was paid to take his risks, and he stood between him and freedom. He was no dumb, helpless animal, calling queerly upon the pity in a man's heart. The warder went down, stunned, or dead, beneath a smashing blow from a heavy pick, and his assailant sprang laughing across his body into the grey vapour. He was not laughing in cruel triumph at the man's fall. He had ceased instantly to think of him. He was laughing because he was going out to freedom, and because she called to him, lovely, compelling and divine, even as a man's lost love calls to him from the darkness when the careless world is sleeping.

That was how he had broken from his cage. He had won twelve hours and more of perfect happiness already. He had been happy, royally happy, as he labored through the night drawing upon his store of pluck and endurance to its utmost limits. What was wear-

ness to him? He was free, free, free! Only a man who has been caged can know the splendid triumph of that thought. And the night was his friend, and the few pale, timid stars were his good comrades, and he loved the very dew that soaked his clothes and drew an exquisite fresh fragrance from the springy turf. Happy—yes, he had been happy through those hours. Was not such brief happiness worth many dragging years within a cage? At least this man thought so. Deliberately, with open eyes, he proposed to give his life for a few hours of liberty.

And he was happy now as he lay within the cool shadow of the rocks and looked out through half-closed, dazzled eyes upon the great, sunny, radiant moor. It could be grim and harsh, that moor, as he knew well, but it seemed to smile to-day, even to laugh aloud. He laughed himself at the whimsical thought that it was in his honor, this bright gladness of the moor. Why not. He was prepared to pay a price for his desires, shamed convict as he was. Perhaps the moor knew that . . . Below him was a long slope where a wealth of yellow gorse hid the green turf. In the bright sunshine it was as though that slope had been strewn with a splendor of powdered gold. Deep in the valley he could see the white flash of the little stream that foamed among the rocks. The sight made him conscious that he was thirsty. He was hungry too. Never mind. What did such trifles matter to a man who was free? In the evening he would venture down to the water, and then seek food. Meanwhile he would lie here and watch that far-off roll of hills that seemed to tremble and shimmer in the sunshine.

So the hours passed. It was long after noon when he roused himself from a light doze and looked down into the valley with clenched hands and

a sharp intake of the breath. A dozen uniformed men armed with rifles were moving steadily towards his tor spread out like a loose string of beads over half a mile of country. Sometimes they called and signalled to each other. But they came steadily on. The convict gazed down upon them. His eyes were bright and his lips were firm as granite. Were they coming up the tor? If so, he knew what he had to do. He would not hesitate. If this were the end—well, it had been worth it! Retreat was useless. Already one end of the long chain of men commanded the far side of his tor. Yes, they were coming! Six of the man-hunters began to climb the tor. The rest held on down the valley. How steadily they climbed over the rough ground towards his hiding-place! A fine game, a man hunt, when success meant promotion! The convict did not grudge them their zest. Rather he had no feeling for them at all. Now he raised himself upon his hands and knees. This was the end. . . . There came a sudden shout from far away, beyond the valley! Upon the far slope a man was signalling. Something, some one had been seen! The twelve warders, those in the valley and those climbing the tor, answered to the call like scattered hounds to the huntsman's horn. They turned and ran, stumbling and falling among rocks and heather. In a little while, in an incredibly little while, they had labored up the far slope and vanished from the convict's sight. Once more he lay back with a little sigh. The end was not come yet.

He saw no more of them through that day. By the evening his lips were dry and caked, and he was weak with hunger. A man to whom life was precious must have suffered terribly. But this convict was not as other men. Death had been near to him since he had broken from his cage. Death had walked with him through the dark-

ness. Death was beside him under the sheltering rocks, had even stretched out one bony hand as the warders began to scale the tor. Death was his friend and refuge. Hunger and thirst were little, trifling matters. His eyes were happy as he lay and watched the long, long shadows drifting across the distant slopes. From each in turn its mantle of bright gold was blotted out. The sun was setting as surely sun never set before. It dipped slowly, so slowly, into a mountain range of gleaming clouds. Blood-red and brown and purple glowed those clouds, and their fringes faded to a tawny yellow. Around them, above and below, the sky was palest lilac. Then a grey cloak closed down remorselessly, and darkness came with speed.

The convict roused himself and began to pick his way downhill. He stumbled often, once or twice his knees failed beneath him, but he held on. The babbling water called to him. From afar off he heard its voice. It was reached at last, and he drank long and deep. Then only was he fully aware of his body's raging hunger. That dawn he had marked down one lonely cottage of grey stone hidden beyond the distant slope. There at all risks he must win food.

There was a light glimmering from one small square window. It guided him through the darkness when he had climbed the hill. The way seemed long, and the last few yards longest of all, but they were behind him at last. He gathered his strength. He might have to fight for food or to resist capture. There was money to be made by securing him, of course. But food must be won at all hazards. He passed silently through the tiny garden and peered in at the lighted window. No man was to be seen. A woman sat before a little fire with a baby upon her knees.

The convict tapped upon the door.

It was opened by the woman still carrying the child. She could not have been more than twenty. Her coarse, ruddy face beneath the tawny hair went white at sight of those damning clothes. She had heard of the escape. "Oh!" she gasped. "I thought it were my man!"

The convict spoke quietly.

"I don't want to harm or frighten you. But I must have food."

She seemed relieved by his manner.

"Yes, yes, surely. There's bread—"

"Bread will do!" the convict said hungrily.

She brought him a great brown loaf.

"Thank you," he said gravely. "I have no money."

"No need o' that," she answered.

"You're welcome to the bread." Her courage was coming back. A cunning gleam shot into her eyes. "Won't you come in and sit down for a bit—sir?"

But the convict shook his head, abandoning his half-formed notion of demanding a change of clothes, and struck into the darkness.

He ate ravenously as he walked. He felt his strength coming back. He must travel fast and far that night if he would prolong his precious span of freedom. At any moment the woman's husband might return. Then there would be definite news for the hunters of their quarry. The chase would be hot upon his heels. He had known all that, of course. But he had been forced to seek food. And eating was a rare pleasure—to a free man. This dry bread eaten under the stars was sweet upon his palate. Oh, life held royal pleasures for free men! He was not beaten yet, he was still strong. He would lead those man-hunters a long and weary dance before they tracked him down! He laughed gaily as he pocketed the remnant of the loaf and swung into something between a swift walk and a jog trot, steering his course by one great blazing star.

For he was happy! Let it be repeated that he was happy, striding through the cool darkness, with the hunt already close behind him for aught he knew. And his happiness endured through the next day, when he lay hidden in a rocky cleft among the wildest slopes of the great moor. He was happy, and he felt no chill from the grey shadow that walked beside him and lay down when he lay down. Men call that shadow death and shrink from it; but he called it his friend. Upon the third day at dawn he turned smiling to that shadow and demanded final proofs of friendship.

The sun had not yet risen. The light was grey, and the air was cold and chill. He had stooped to drink at a tiny trickle of peaty water that danced down a steep, rock-crowned tor. They came upon him very silently. He had been in their sight for some little while. It must have been some instinct of the hunted beast that made him start to his feet with a backward look.

It was then that they shouted, breaking into an eager run, twenty men with rifles, closing upon him in a circle almost perfect. Only one way was clear before him, up the steep tor. He did not waver. He shook his hand as in a welcome and a challenge to those stout hunters who had tracked him down at last, and he began to run up the great swelling slope. He set his eyes upon the black rocks at the very crest. They were piled in the shape of a great crouching lion, and they towered high through the misty light. The convict had no doubts or fears at all. His plan was clear before him. He had called upon death to aid and save him, and death would not fail.

The hunters did not fire. They had no wish to shoot down their quarry save at sorest need. Hard men they were, with the thrill of the man-hunt firing their blood, but they had no lust

for wanton killing. Besides, there was more credit to be won by taking this man alive, by dragging him living back to the grim cage upon the hill.

So they settled stubbornly down to the pursuit. He ran well, this convict, half-starved as he must be, but they were bound to wear him down. The long day was before them, he was in full view, there were other hunters not very far away. Some of them whistled shrilly as they ran. And they were gaining! The convict seemed to heed nothing of their nearness. He had almost reached the crest of the hill.

The eastern sky had warmed from pink to crimson as he gained the rocks. He did not pause. The warders wondered to see him swing himself from stone to stone. What had the madman in his mind? The rocks were steep, but they could follow him. Now he stood upon the topmost crag, upon the very head of the crouching lion as it were, a full thirty feet above the

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crest of the tor. The warders were below, calling to him to surrender. Some of them began to climb the rocks. The convict waved his hand to them and laughed. They marvelled at the gay triumph upon his face. Where lay his triumph? "Give in, man, it's no good! Throw up the sponge!" they shouted. But he drew himself to his full height, and the sun leaped from those crimson clouds and lit his straight tall figure with a rosy splendor. Only for a moment he stood with his triumph. Then he glanced down, as one who marks his place with coolness, and—a shout broke from the ring of warders! The convict had flung himself head-foremost from the crag, diving as a man dives into deep water. And there were other rocks upon the turf beneath him.

He had, perhaps, attained to freedom. It was only his body that they carried back to the great cage upon the hill.

John Barnett.

GREEK IAMBICS.

"I have been thinking," I said.

"And that," said Francesca, "is capital exercise for you. Some people box, some fence, some ride, some play golf, some walk—"

"And some talk," I put in. "Don't forget the talkers!"

"I am not allowed to forget them. Some talk, and others think. They're the best of all, and you, it appears"—she swept me a curtsey—"are one of them. Oh, what would I give to be a thinker, to be able to bear down opposition by the force of reason, to bring doubters to my side by the pure influence of a great mind! Tell me, tell me how does it feel to be like that?"

"It feels," I said, "like—surely you

know what I mean—like having a reason, like possessing a great mind, you know; like being a man, in fact—*homo sapiens*, and that sort of thing."

"And what do you think I care," she said, "for your *homosapienses*?"

"If," I said, "you desire to indicate the plural I suggest that *homines sapientes* would be the more usual form. Possibly you may have some authority in the Latin of a later age—monkish Latin, for instance—but—"

"We will put Latin aside," she said.

"No," I said warmly, "we will not put it aside. For twelve long years I learnt Latin, and now in the plenitude of my powers I am to be told by a mere chit of a girl—"

"Age cannot wither me," said Francesca.

"—I am to be told by a mere chit of a girl who hasn't got an irregular verb to her name that Latin is to be put aside. Take my Latin from me and what am I?"

"An old goose," said Francesca. "It's the most perfect subtraction sum I ever met."

"Pretty warbler," I said. "If I could remember the Latin for nightingale that should be your name."

"I'll do without it. You needn't strain your memory just to give me pleasure."

"*'Philomela'* is the word," I said.

"It is too late now," she said; "and *'nightingale'* does equally well."

"Francesca," I said, "you are babbling."

"Warbling," she urged.

"Babbling," I repeated, "babbling badly. I shall now refuse to tell you what I was thinking about."

"And I," she said, "shall refuse not to bear up under the blow."

"No," I said, "I will change my mind—"

"Changes neatly executed while you wait."

"—I will change my mind and tell you all," I said. "Have you ever noticed that Frederick is growing, that he is more than five years old—"

"And will be six in June," she said. "Something of the sort had vaguely occurred to me, but I could never have expressed it with your precision and force."

"—And we shall soon have to think seriously about his education."

"He is already highly accomplished," she said. "He can read many words of three letters."

"*'Pooh!'*" I said.

"And can do simple sums in addition."

"*'Pish!'*" I said.

"Unnatural father, thus to depre-

cate the genius of your son. He is a born arithmetician, and insists on doing sums in his bath."

"Then," I said, "he shall go to Cambridge."

"Do they do sums in their baths at Cambridge?"

"Yes," I said, "and everywhere else, too. He shall be a wrangler."

"Bless his heart," said Francesca fondly. "Did he want to be a little wrangler then?"

"My heart," I said, "is steeled against your prattle, and Frederick, being upstairs, cannot hear it."

"This conversation," she said, "is becoming too discursive. Besides, I cannot bear a man who says '*pooh*' and '*pish*.' Such expressions are only met with in books."

"Francesca, if you dare me, I will say '*ugh*' and '*pshaw*.' But please understand me. When I said '*pooh*' and '*pish*' just now I did not intend to make light of Frederick's learning. I meant to imply that knowledge is not necessarily the first object of education. Character, you know—Frederick must acquire character."

"His character," she said, "is angelic. He would give his last sponge-cake to his sisters."

"He must play cricket and football."

"He can play them on the lawn."

"And he must learn to take a swishing like a man."

"Do men take them much?" she said.

"And, therefore," I said, disregarding her, "he must go to a good preparatory school and afterwards to a public school. Do you imagine that Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby and all the rest of them are gaping for Frederick? He must be put down at once for somewhere."

"But won't they let him do his reading and his little sums?"

"He will, I hope, continue to dabble in them. But he will learn to write

Latin Elegiacs and, possibly, Greek Iambics. Think, Francesca, how proud you will be of a son who can write Iambics."

"But you yourself," she said, "once wrote these awful things. You don't do much at it now, do you?"

"I don't exactly make a habit of it," I said; "but it has given me an insight; it has helped to build me up; it

Punch.

has taught me how to avoid false quantities——"

"And that," she said, "is, of course, most important. I shall begin to teach Frederick that directly."

"I wouldn't hurry him too much," I said.

"Wouldn't you. Of course you know best. I thought perhaps he'd like to take an Iambic to bed with him."

R. C. L.

THE NEW FREEDOM.*

There are few public speakers whose addresses to popular audiences in a strenuous election campaign could be made into a coherent and interesting book by a simple process of excision. To that severe test Dr. Woodrow Wilson has put the speeches he delivered during his successful candidature for the Presidency of the United States. In his brief prefatory note he tells us that the book is due to the literary skill of Mr. Bayard Hale, who has put together in their right sequences the more suggestive portions of the campaign speeches. The sentences have been left as they were taken down by the reporters, without trimming or recasting, in the hope that they would seem the more fresh and spontaneous. That hope has been fulfilled. The book is alive, and the reader feels himself to an uncommon degree in direct personal contact with the mind of the author. It is no ordinary political talk that can be thus handled. It is the conversation of a man who has brought a highly cultivated mind to the study of the problems with which he deals, who has sought earnestly to get at their inner meaning, and who approaches them in a spirit far removed from that of the partisan. Thus Dr. Wilson never relapses into that blind

declamation against men or classes of men which is the stock-in-trade of the vulgar politician both here and in America. On the contrary, he frequently pauses to point out that men are much the same everywhere and that those whom the demagogue denounces are generally, like those who denounce them, caught in the meshes of an ill-constructed social system. At the same time, the whole gist and purpose of the book is to declare existing political abuses scandalous, intolerable, and fraught with the peril of grave social upheaval.

In a suggestive chapter on Progress, Dr. Wilson formulates the difficulty as failure to make the laws of the United States keep pace with changes of economic and political circumstances. These changes, as he points out in another place, have been exceptionally great and rapid. They must be so in every country where population increases with unusual rapidity, but for a long time America had so much vacant space that increase did not mean greater density. It has come to mean that now; and America is feeling the pinch of neglect to adapt the laws to changing conditions. We may almost say that the whole social and economic conditions of a country are a function of its population density. They increase in complexity as population in-

* "The New Freedom." By Woodrow Wilson. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

creases. They necessitate, as density increases, inventions wholly uncalled for when population was sparse and units were self-sufficing. Social habits and even ethical standards are subtly altered. It needs constant alertness to keep law abreast of these changes, which at the same time keep men very busy in adapting their own modes of life and conduct, and thus divert their thoughts from the amendment of institutions. Americans have been too busy to pay much attention to abuses quite well known to every one. The abuses have, therefore, flourished amazingly, and the machinery of reform is rusty. If the people have not the power to govern themselves in the United States, where are we to look for that power? The democratization of institutions can go no further, and yet we are told on all hands that the American people are not masters in their own house, that politically they are ruled by the "bosses," and economically by what is called "big business." If they cannot save themselves, who is to save them? They have no new social stratum to tap in search of hidden political wisdom. There is no statesman who can burst their bonds except with strength derived from themselves. If bosses are allowed to boss, it is only human nature that they should do it. If big corporations are allowed to pursue their own ends without let or hindrance, what is to be expected but that they will go on consolidating their power over all the resources of the country? The bosses and the big business men have expanded into a vacuum which ought to have been filled by the will power of the people.

By a dozen lines of appeal Dr. Woodrow Wilson calls upon the American people to save themselves. Whether he deals with the changing of the old order, or defines the conditions of genuine progress, or scornfully rejects the

notion that a free people need guardians and trustees, or denounces the blocking of every avenue by gigantic corporations, or expounds the use and abuse of the tariff, or calls upon the people to drop their partisan enthusiasms and study the realities of their condition—all his arguments lead to one unspoken conclusion. Every chapter is a call to the American people to put aside the false issues upon which their votes are solicited, to give up useless denunciation of persons and groups, to study the problems of the day in a business fashion, and to strengthen the hands of those who will deal with these problems honestly and with understanding. Dr. Wilson sees no superhuman difficulty in dealing with trusts and corporations, and he has had some experience in New Jersey which justifies optimism. He says, "any decently equipped lawyer can suggest to you statutes by which the whole business can be stopped." The need is for adequate authority from the people to carry and enforce the statute. But that authority cannot be obtained so long as the people take the nomination of candidates from "bosses" in league with "big business," and allow Congress to mould its legislation by the advice of expert lobbyists equally in league with special interests. The New Freedom, as Dr. Wilson sees and proclaims, is only the old freedom taken down from the shelf on which it has grown somewhat rusty, and put to active use. There is no need for revolutionary movements, or for sensational legislation, or for campaigns of abuse and detraction. Dr. Wilson puts his trust in honest men content to work the Constitution honestly. He calls upon the people to look into their own affairs a little more closely, to choose honest men to manage their affairs and then to trust them and support them. That was how great reforms were effected in New

Jersey without crusades and without ostentation. He found there that the trusts, though strong against other modes of attack could oppose no serious resistance to this one. He infers justly that what works in New Jersey will work in the American political and business world as a whole.

The crucial question for the movement towards the New Freedom is how it will deal with the tariff. Dr. Wilson does not waste time in shouting for Free Trade. He points out, indeed, that it is not attainable so long as the Federal Government has to rely for its revenue largely upon indirect taxation. It might be possible to recast the whole financial basis of federation, but it would be a very long and difficult task, and meantime the trusts would flourish and the people would go on suffering. He accepts the tariff as a necessary part of the political machinery, and proposes to make it work fairly as between man and man. At present it is manipulated in the interest of the trusts. Manipulation begins at the primary elections and goes on at every stage up to the final decision of Congress. An honest tariff aims at raising necessary revenue in the way that presses least severely upon the mass of citizens. If it goes beyond that and contemplates the improvement of business and employment, again it aims at doing good all round to the largest possible number. But a tariff manipulated by special interests aims at promoting these interests alone regardless of the community. That is what has to be put an end to in America. "No Democrat of thoughtfulness that I have met," says Dr. Wilson, "contemplates a programme of Free Trade." But the Democratic Party under its present leader, and with the sympathy of a great many Republicans, does contemplate Tariff Reform and is determined to see that Protection is fairly administered.

"The tariff question is not the question that it was fifteen or twenty or thirty years ago." The trusts have altered it to their own advantage. They have been wide-awake and active while the guardians of the general welfare have been asleep or negligent. So confident have they become in their power to maintain their control of fiscal legislation that they have extended their activities in a most reckless manner. The gigantic "combines" that we have all heard of have been formed regardless of expense. To get rid of competition they have bought out independent businesses at three, four, and five times their value. That means that they have to pay interest upon a far larger capital than they can profitably employ. They have bought not only factories, but the control of railroads, so that their rivals shall have no transport facilities, and the control of banks, so that rivals shall get no credit. In the commercial phrase they carry an enormous quantity of water, and Dr. Wilson grimly admits that "things will happen" among them when the work of reform begins. They cannot carry all that water, they cannot compete with people not burdened with "tanks on their shoulders" if they are compelled to drop the unfair advantages they have secured for themselves. In view of unpleasant contingencies of that kind the trusts will no doubt fight their hardest, but after all, what weapons have they to fight with? Their strength is that of the iceberg, which is invulnerable below freezing-point. Raise the temperature a few degrees and there is no iceberg to fear. Raise the moral tone of Congress and the tariff arrangements of the trusts simply vanish. Raise it just a little further and under the light of Government inspection of trust accounts all the corrupt bargains with banks and railways will wither away. What is left of these tyrants of the commer-

cial world? Only hopelessly over-capitalized concerns competing with younger and probably better-equipped rivals economically financed. The New Freedom is to be found just where the old freedom had her dwelling—in the hearts and souls of men. Dr. Wilson's book shows in every page that he puts his trust not in programmes or parties, but in the re-

The Times.

awakening of the American spirit. "What we have to determine now," he tells his countrymen, "is whether we are big enough, whether we are men enough, whether we are free enough, to take possession again of the Government which is our own." If Americans do not answer with a triumphant affirmative, it will not be the fault of their President.

DAUGHTERS.

It is said that a young daughter is a very real asset to every public man in America. "Dr. Woodrow Wilson is to be congratulated on the possession of a daughter," we read the other day in the columns of one of our contemporaries. The lack of this desirable asset is a drawback, we are assured, to the popularity of politicians. America is no doubt the paradise of *débütantes*; it is the land of the Daughter. In the older countries they are not quite so much heard of. It is not long ago since they were very little heard of indeed. In the ancient East they are still—conventionally, at any rate—considerably under-valued. They make up for it in a measure when they come to be mothers and, later still, mothers-in-law. American sentiment, playing round the relation of parent and child, as universal sentiment must always play, has set the daughter in front of the picture. It is a new expression of chivalry. A great part of the Western world has ceased to express reverence for women through the medium of religion. Protestantism does not admit the possibility of Divine Femininity. The emotion which found expression in a dogma has flowed into other channels. The Puritans, when they divested women of the worship once symbolically offered to them, gave something very great in return.

The Americans, whatever their virtues—and these are legion—would not defend themselves against an accusation of money-loving. It is greatly to Jonathan's credit that he should set his heart and heap his dollars upon the child who cannot increase his wealth. We wonder sometimes if American brothers are jealous. We cannot at this moment recall any very striking picture in American fiction of the relation between brothers and sisters. Some American writers say that American women are spoiled. The criticism is meaningless. Like so many of the generalities spoken about women, it is an inference from the midst of a thick crowd of exceptions. The fashionable women in the great cities may be spoiled. They are the few in all countries, but those who come within the inner circle of their influence can see no one else.

If, however, we admit for the sake of argument that daughters are spoiled in the extreme West and disregarded in the extreme East, in which of the middle-distance countries shall we say that they get their real rights? Is it in France, where they are given dowries; or in England, where they are demanding votes; in Germany, where they reign supreme in the wide imaginations and in the narrow kitchens of poets and plain men alike, or where?

All good people instinctively like the customs of their own country best. But it is very difficult to say what is the position of the daughter among educated people in the England of to-day, for that position is changing so rapidly. The last ten years have been revolutionary. Of course, men and women always loved their daughters, but they never made anything like the sacrifices for them which they are beginning to make now. Probably the ideal parental relation—never such a very common thing when once the children enter their teens—has existed oftener between parents and their daughters than between parents and their sons. It is easier to be intimate with a daughter who has been kept at home and taught dependence than with a son who has been sent to school to get him out of the habit of it. Extraordinary sympathy sometimes exists between fathers and daughters. Daughters idealize their fathers up to a later age than sons do. Independence must begin in opposition. Very often the idealization of a character simply means the complete understanding of its best side. Moreover the custom so much criticized of making the first few years of a girl's grown-up life years of pleasure, so far as circumstances will permit, does renew the youth of the normal mother, does give her a sense of living her life over again in the lives of her children, such as she seldom gets from watching the career of her sons. No doubt she is more ambitious for her daughters than she was for herself. That is as it should be. Worldliness is a disgusting quality in the young, but middle-aged people should save their children from the disastrous effects of a high-falutin' disregard for worldly wisdom. Almost all grandmothers will tell one that they care the most for their daughters' children, who seem more like their own than do their sons'. All these things

may be different among what the novelists call the patrician class, in which fathers and sons seek amusement together, but we are speaking of the mass of the working educated, not of the leisured few.

Daughters have until lately made from their birth till their marriages or their parents' death an integral part of the home. As in the case of the elder son in the parable, all that the parents had was in some sense theirs. On the other hand, nothing special was given to them. Little was spent upon their education, and health was regarded as a blessing from God to be preserved by the doctor, not as the first necessity of happiness, inseparable from air and exercise. It was vaguely supposed that all daughters would marry long after it was proved that many could not, and devoted fathers refused to face and consider the sad but not unlikely chance of leaving an ignorant, nervous, dependent woman to face the world alone on the smallest of incomes. A very great change has taken place. The education of daughters does not, of course, receive the same consideration as the education of sons, but it is considered and paid for. Health, too, is bought for them. Money, we mean, is spent to enable them to live lives as full of variety and exercise as their brothers'. It is no longer considered imperative to keep them at home. Immense girls' schools flourish and are on the increase. The whole time of the scholars is apportioned to work and play. The women of the upper middle class are being brought up without leisure. They are forgetting how to potter. Is it altogether a good thing for their happiness? They are as tall as their brothers. They are being anxiously equipped for—what?

It is one of the peculiarities of Englishmen that they have never felt the moral necessity of bringing their ideals down to the level of their prac-

tice. This habit of abstract idealism has irritated their neighbors to insolence, but it is in reality a great moral strength. The Englishman thinks and believes that his daughters should marry for love only. Meanwhile he sees very clearly that this desideratum is not always practicable. He does not modify his ideal, but he modifies his action accordingly. Rich daughters in England are not married merely by arrangement; but when a father and mother are anxious to make the most prosperous of possible marriages for their daughters it would be quite absurd for a foreigner to suppose that the whole matter has nothing to do with arrangement, or to imagine that the "settlements" which take so much time and thought bear no relation to the French *dot*. It is among the less well-off that the question of money enters least into marriage, but even there it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that daughters with some prospect of money marry most readily. Orphans with a little money of their own are almost sure to marry early, while large families of sisters belonging to less well-to-do homes very often remain intact. With educated energies and nothing to do they are as a rule very unhappy.

Now that the educated father of a family has broken through the tradition of ages and has made up his mind that he must spend upon his daughters as well as upon his sons, it must sometimes cross his mind whether it would not be as well to imitate the French practice and save for a *dot*. Would it be a good thing? The question at present appears to be insoluble. Whatever the effect upon the father of his half-realized ideal, it is quite certain that its effect upon the daughter is good. Englishwomen do gain something by being brought up in the dogmatic belief that love alone justifies marriage. They gain even

after they have begun to perceive that their elders are teaching something that they do not altogether believe. The fact that he does not like to part with his money in his lifetime does something no doubt to keep the ordinary English father on the lines of tradition in the matter of *dot*-giving, but he is still more moved by the reverence which he feels for his daughter. He could not bear that she should be the subject of a business arrangement, even though that arrangement were modified by the deepest and most earnest desire for her happiness. In the present transitional stage of opinion the father of daughters not yet grown up cannot but feel puzzled and sad. He thinks, perhaps, of daughters at school. He has unfitted them at a great sacrifice for a life which very possibly they may have to lead. Is the way out of the difficulty to be found in the colonies? Will they find an outlet for their energies, where their brothers find an outlet, far away; coming home now and again as much-welcomed strangers, not to be looked to in the day of trouble, not to be leant upon in the hour of death? It is a proof of how much Englishmen care for their daughters that they each think these new ideas of feminine emigration are eminently suited to the class just below his own.

Meanwhile it is said on all hands that the habit of saving is being given up in the professional classes. It is also said that recent legislation has something to do with this. The heightening of the standard of comfort has probably more. Anglo-Indians tell one that English officials in India no longer expect to return with a moderate fortune. They come home on leave, and spend their money and their time, and enjoy themselves at Simla. When they are old they expect to live on their pensions. Is the same thing true at home? There are not many

pensions here, but do professional men save as they did? If so, they must be far richer than their fathers, considering how differently they live. We

The Spectator.

think there is a growing tendency to spend and to let the future take care of itself. All these things are in favor of the dot.

A RUBBER INFERNO.

The consequences of unpunished crime are far-reaching. When the signatory Powers of the Berlin Act, trustees for the native races of the Congo, allowed Leopold II., their nominee, to turn the vast rubber forests of the Upper Congo into a hell of enslaved and tortured humanity, they gave direct encouragement to lesser evil-doers in other rubber-producing lands. When the British Government, having, at the bidding of public opinion, challenged the royal rubber exploiter, hesitated in the face of his defiance, wrong-doing of a similar character elsewhere received an immense impetus. When the French Government acting under the influence of the Leopoldian camarilla, divided the French Congo among forty-four financial syndicates, conceding to them proprietary rights over the rubber forests, the disease gained a further foothold. The Congo was the parent of the Putumayo. Rubber became for the inhabitants of the heat-belt an abiding curse; for European finance a corroding virus. Thus it came about that in 1905, when the accounts of the rubber atrocities of the Congo were filling the British press, and provoking debate after debate in the legislatures of Britain and of Belgium—at a time when no man claiming to be ordinarily informed could fail to have some appreciation of the need for caution before embarking in rubber exploitation—Julio César Arana, the Leopoldian pupil of the Putumayo, found no difficulty either in floating on the London

market a company with 1,000,000*l.* capital to work his "estates," or in persuading several Englishmen to associate themselves in his undertaking.

This book tells us the nature of that undertaking. It is full of horrors; and as one turns its pages, one is filled with amazement at the extraordinary analogy it bears to the story of the Congo: the same basic system—although as yet less perfected, and not bolstered up with treaties testifying to its philanthropic quintessence—the same conceptions and methods. We find demands on native villages for so much rubber per month; sanguinary repressions in case of "revolt"—meaning attempted flight into the furthest recesses of the forest; agents paid on commission according to quantities forthcoming, and enforcing their demands by the lash, the rifle, torture, and mutilation; and the Company habitually providing rifles and ball-cartridge as recognized aids to "commerce." Then follows the inevitable sequel—disclosure and denial.

The writer of this book, an American engineer in humble circumstances, travelled through the Putumayo country, found his way to London, and denounced the Company's misdeeds. The Company denied, and sought—rightly or wrongly as to the facts—to discredit their accuser personally. The Peruvian Consul in London denied, in terms which might have been borrowed from the former effusions of Belgian Ministers. To make the analogy complete, the same British public servant, Sir Roger Casement—whose report on

* "The Putumayo: the Devil's Paradise." By W. E. Hardenburg. Edited by C. Reginald Knock. (Fisher Unwin.)

Congo maladministration created so profound an impression throughout the civilized world in 1904—produced in 1911 the startling report which confirmed the existence upon the Putumayo of a miniature Congo.

The rottenness of a civilization which tolerates these things is painfully evident. It breeds individuals who are prepared to run risks of divers kinds in exposing them, and a multitude which is moved by them when the facts are laid bare. But it seems neither able to prevent nor strong enough to punish collective and organized crime.

Something, however, needs to be said as to the extent and character of these and the Congo atrocities. In their repulsive particulars there is little to choose. But in their degree there is the widest difference in the world. In its prospectus published in December, 1908, the Peruvian-Amazon Company declared that there were 40,000

The Athenæum.

Indians within its sphere of operations. Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that 30,000 of these Indians have been murdered, either directly or indirectly. But the victims of Leopoldism in the "Congo Free State" and in the French Congo are to be numbered by millions. For one company on the Putumayo there were half a dozen in the Congo Free State, each possessing powers of life and death over an infinitely more numerous and virile population than the 40,000 gentle, timid, Huitoto Indians; there was, too, the greatest company of them all, the "Crown domain," where King Leopold's officers, in the hunt for their royal master's rubber revenues, took the lead in ferocity. Heaven forbid that we should minimize the crimes of Putumayo, or allow those who are concerned in them to shirk their responsibilities, but let us keep some sense of proportion.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Brain Culture through Scientific Body-Building," written by Mrs. Theodore Parsons and published by the American School of Mental and Physical Development, Chicago, is a very practical and sensible handbook which enforces the necessity of proper physical training and exercise, with reference quite as much to mental as to physical well-being. Written primarily for young people and for parents and teachers who have care of them, it will serve a scarcely less helpful purpose in its simple directions for various forms of physical exercise which do not call for apparatus or personal instruction, but may be followed out by any one who appreciates their importance. The system here outlined is the fruit of

fifteen years' experience in the teaching of physical exercise; and a series of posture pictures, twenty or thirty in number, show what results may be achieved by the simple methods described.

American readers owe to Carlton Hayes, Assistant Professor of History in Columbia University, in his volume on "British Social Politics" the best opportunity they have yet had for becoming acquainted at first hand with the details of recent epoch-making legislation on social problems in the United Kingdom. Here are given the full text, and extracts from the parliamentary debates, pro and con; of such measures as the Workmen's Compensation Act, and various Acts

relating to Trade Unionism, Child Welfare, Old Age Pensions, the Unemployed, Sweated Labor, the Housing and Land Problem, the Lloyd-George Budget, the Parliamentary Act curbing the House of Lords, and National Insurance. These measures, all of which have been enacted within the last half dozen years, constitute the most remarkable group of laws dealing with social questions in recent European history; and any one who wishes to know exactly what their provisions are, what are the ideals which prompted them and what the forces which opposed them will find all that he wants in this single volume, drawn from authoritative sources, and absolutely trustworthy. Ginn & Co.

Frank Danby's new novel "Concert Pitch" is aptly named, for a strong tension of feeling is the most prominent characteristic of the book from start to finish. The story opens with a newly made baronet, who has amassed millions in South Africa, and his wife, who are trying to force their young daughter, Lætitia Wagner, into marriage with a title. Lætitia is a high strung immature girl, not in the least desirous of the match. At first she is betrothed out of hand to a titled rascal but succeeds in throwing him over, much to the disgust of her family. A second lover, Lyssons, is really good and devoted to her, and thoroughly understands her, but Lætitia's mind is so poisoned by her scheming parents that she does not recognize her protector as such and elopes with a self-centered musician. From the first her marriage to this eccentric genius is unhappy and Lyssons is always a patient figure in the background waiting to rescue her, as he does, all in good time. Lætitia is a strongly drawn character and enlists the reader's sympathy and interest.

The author has succeeded admirably in writing an intense story in which the emotion, though always present, never seems false. The Macmillan Company.

He who would understand even superficially Socialism in America cannot remain ignorant of its history in Europe. Samuel P. Orth with his "Socialism and Democracy in Europe" furnishes an excellent text book and reference book. In Germany, France, England and Belgium he traces the growth of Socialism and indicates the relation of economic and political Socialism to Democracy. The programs of Socialists at different times in these countries are given in full in the appendix, where are also found statistical tables pertaining to the subject and explanations of various terms peculiar to Socialism. An exhaustive bibliography makes the book a basis for wider study, and the tersely expressed opinions of great Socialist writers incite the reader to a closer acquaintance with their individual writings. In conclusion the author cites the "two great illusions" of Socialism; first, "that the interests of the workers are somehow different from the interests of the rest of the community," and second, "social revolution." He also outlines three things that the Socialist party has accomplished: first, it has spread Democracy, second, it has forced the labor question upon law makers, third, "we find in every country where Social Democracy has gained a foothold, a constant increase of the functions of the State." Dr. Orth's outlook is sane and hopeful and the fact that his own opinions are kept so much in the background and that each reader must for the most part make his own conclusions makes the work a valuable one. Henry Holt and Co.

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